

SHAKESPEARE'S
TRAGEDY OF
TIMON OF ATHENS.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,
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WITH ENGRAVINGS.



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PREFACE.

Timon of Athens is an interesting study for the critical scholar from the fact that it is not wholly Shakespeare's. In the Introduction to the play I have given the various theories concerning its history, and have ventured to add a hypothesis of my own, which differs in some minor points from any of the rest.

The division of the *text* between the two authors is a simpler question, and the critics are generally agreed as to which are the Shakespearian and which the non-Shakespearian portions. The latter I have printed in smaller type, as recommended by Mr. Furnivall.

As the play is in no wise suitable either for school use or for social reading, the text is given without "expurgation."

CAMBRIDGE, *March* 20, 1882.



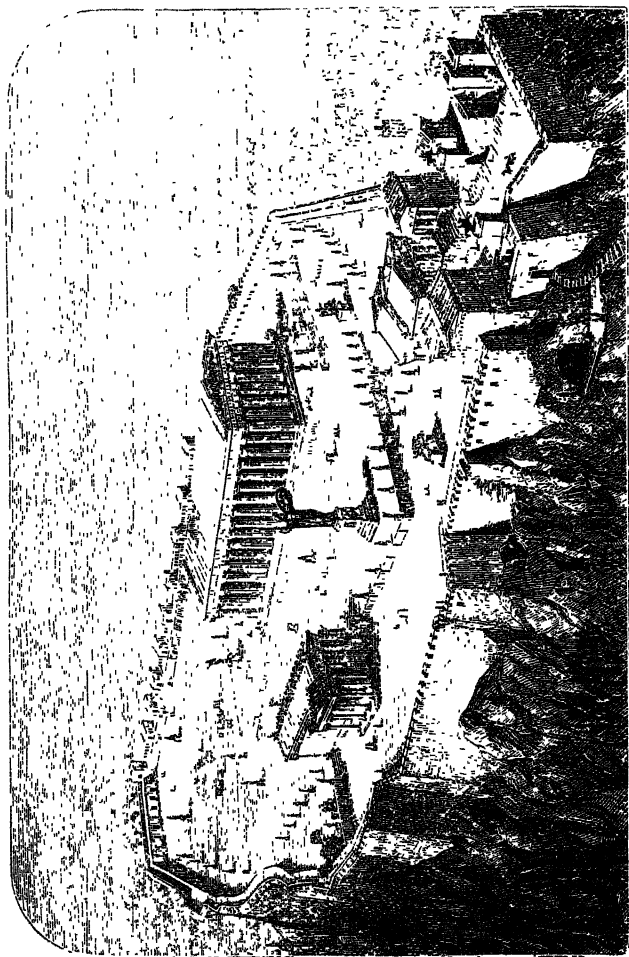
POSEIDON.

rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven (v. 4. 77).

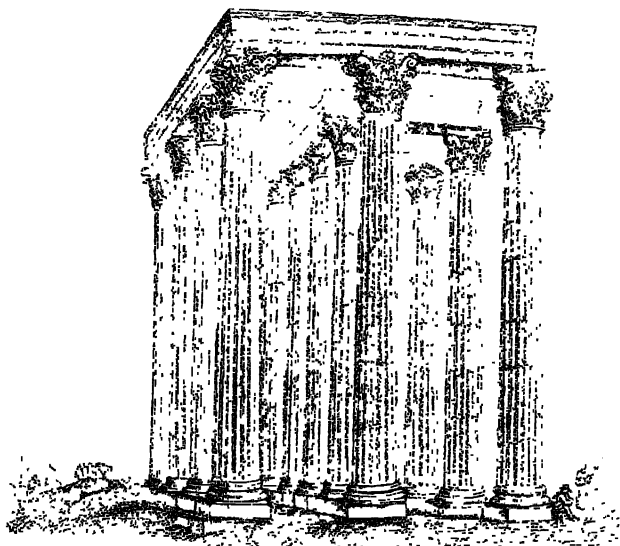


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THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS RESTORED.



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER AT ATHENS.

INTRODUCTION
TO
TIMON OF ATHENS.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

Timon of Athens was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies pages 80-98 (pages 81 and 82 being duplicated) in the division of "Tragedies." It was entered upon the Stationers' Registers, November 8th, 1623, by the publishers of the folio, as one of the plays in that volume "not formerly entered to other men."

It is generally agreed by recent critics that the play is not all Shakespeare's, but they differ in their ways of explaining the divided authorship. According to Knight, the Cambridge editors, Spedding, Staunton, Delius, and Ward, the poet worked over an earlier play, parts of which, for some reason or other, he retained with little alteration. On the other hand, Verplanck,* Tschischwitz, Fleay, Furnivall, and Hudson believe that it is an original work of Shakespeare's, which he laid aside or left unfinished, and which was completed by an inferior writer. There are difficulties in either theory, but the latter seems to us the more probable.

Some have supposed that the play was not finished until it was wanted by the editors of the folio. The Cambridge editors, after stating what pages it fills in that volume, add : " After 98, the next page is filled with the actors' names, and the following page is blank. The next page, the first of *Julius Cæsar*, is numbered 109, and instead of beginning, as it should, signature II, the signature is KK. From this it may be inferred that for some reason the printing of *Julius Cæsar* was commenced before that of *Timon* was finished. It may be that the MS. of *Timon* was imperfect, and that the printing was stayed till it could be completed by some playwright, engaged for the purpose. But it is difficult to conceive how the printer came to miscalculate so widely the space required to be left."

Mr. Fleay has noticed further that " the play of *Troilus and Cressida*, which is not mentioned at all in the Index (' Catalogue ') of the folio, is paged 79 and 80 in its second and third pages, and was evidently intended at first to follow in its proper place as the pendant or comparison play to *Romeo and Juliet*. But as this play was originally called *The History of Troilus and Cressida* (so in the quarto ed.), and as there is really nothing tragical in the main bulk of it, it was doubted if it could be put with the Tragedies ; so the editors of

* See his able introduction to the play, p. 26 below, where the views of Knight and some of the earlier critics are also discussed.

the folio compromised the matter by putting it between the Histories and the Tragedies, and not putting it at all in the Catalogue, though they still retained its first title for it as *The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida*. The space then of pages 80-108, which would have *just* held the *Troylus and Cressida*, being left unfilled, it became necessary to fill it; . . . they therefore took the incomplete *Timon*, put it into a playwright's hands, and told him to make it up to 30 pages."

The chief objection to this theory of the Cambridge editors and Mr. Fleay is that the play in the folio bears some marks of having been printed from an acting copy. No record of its having been put upon the stage has come down to us; but Dr. Nicholson (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* for 1874, p. 252) gives the following "tolerably decisive proof that *Timon* as we now have it was an acted play:" "In old plays the entrance directions are sometimes in advance of the real entrances, having been thus placed in the theatre copy, that the performers or bringers-in of stage properties might be warned to be in readiness to enter on their cue. In act i. scene 1 (folio), is '*Enter Apermantus*' opposite 'Well mocked,' though he is only seen as in the distance by Timon after the Merchant's next words, and does not enter till after 'Hee'l spare none.' So in the banquet there is '*Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers*,' etc., before Timon's 'What means that trump?' and '*Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies*' before Cupid's fore-running speech." It is difficult to understand how these "ear-marks" of the theatre could have got into the folio, if the play was not finished up until it was wanted by the printer of that edition.

Our own opinion is that *Timon* had been finished and put upon the stage some time before the printing of the folio. It could never become popular as an acting play, and was probably soon withdrawn. When the editors of the folio were making up that volume, they naturally at first rejected *Timon*, as they did *Pericles*, because it was Shakespeare's only in

part ; but they afterwards decided to use it, as Fleay has suggested, on account of the change they made in the position of *Troilus and Cressida*. The latter play had already been put in type and duly paged, and the work had gone along regularly with the *Julius Cæsar*. Perhaps, as Fleay conjectures, that and some of the following plays were in type and printed off before the gap made by transposing *Troilus and Cressida* was provided for. For that or some other reason, the editors did not use one of the tragedies following *Julius Cæsar* to fill the gap.* They took the *Timon*, and did their best to stretch it out to cover as many of the vacant pages as possible ; cutting up the prose into short lines, as if it were verse, and giving a whole page at the end to the *dramatis personæ*, though these might have been put into the blank half-page preceding. If, as Fleay supposes, the incomplete manuscript had been put into some playwright's hands to be

* Stokes (*Chron. Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, p. 134) suggests that the reason was "that none of the others would have fitted ; *Macbeth* was too short, the others were too long." But *Othello* fills 30 pages in the folio, and would have fitted exactly ; while *Lear* has 29 pages, which would have answered equally well, as there is often a blank page between two plays.

Readers who have not the folio or one of the reprints to compare may be puzzled to understand why the second page of *T. and C.* is numbered 79, when the first of *Timon*, which is supposed to have taken its place, is numbered 80 ; but this 80 is really an error for 78, the two last pages of the preceding *R. and J.* being numbered 76 and 79. The first page of *T. and C.* was doubtless numbered correctly 78. When the play was transposed (which must have been done before it was struck off), the numbers of the pages were removed except the 79 and 80, which were accidentally left.

It is proper to add that, as *T. and C.* now stands in the folio, the *prologue* occupies a full page *preceding* the one we assume to have been numbered 78 ; but we have no doubt that the prologue, by some oversight, was not put in type until after the transposition. Unlike all the other prologues, it occupies a page by itself, without any heading to indicate to what play it belongs, the play beginning in the usual form, with large type heading, on the next page.

filled out to 30 pages, it is not likely that he would have come almost ten pages short of the mark, doing little more than half of the task assigned him. Surely he could easily have supplied plenty more "padding" of that inferior sort, if it had been wanted. On the other hand, if the playwright's work had already been done, editor and printer had to spread the "copy" over as many pages as it could be made to cover, and skip the rest in their pagination.*

Ulrici believes that the printing of *Julius Caesar* was begun before that of *Timon* was finished because the manuscript of the latter was imperfect, and the deficiencies could not be immediately supplied. No complete copy of the play was to be had, and it had to be made up from the scattered parts of the actors; and these were marred by omissions, and by the introduction of passages not by Shakespeare. Karl Elze adds the conjecture that only the parts of the principal actors could be found. To complete the play the editors of the folio drew from an earlier *Timon*, which may have been the work of George Wilkins: hence the incoherences and inconsistencies of the play as we have it.

Fleay believes that "Cyril Tournear was the only person connected with the King's Company at this time who could have written the other part" of the play, and that "Wilkins is out of the question."

There is little difficulty in separating Shakespeare's part from that of the other writer, whoever he may have been; and there would be less or none, were it not for the fact that in some scenes we have the work of the two hands mixed,

*A little farther on, in *Hamlet*, they make a mistake of a hundred pages, 156 being followed by 257, 258, and so on to the end. In the "Histories," the paging, after running along regularly (except for occasional misprints of numbers, and the omission of pages 47 and 48) to 100, then goes back to 69, 70, 71, and so on to the end of that division of the volume. Of course the little gap of eight pages between *Timon* and *Julius Caesar* would not seriously trouble such printers and proof-readers.

the finisher of the play having attempted to rewrite portions of it, but blending more or less of the original gold with his baser metal. We can see that the gold is there, but cannot separate it from the alloy. Fleay has edited what he believes to be Shakespeare's *Timon* for the New Shakspeare Society, and it may be found in their *Transactions* for 1874, pages 151-194; but, as Furnivall has suggested, it seems better, on the whole, to print the entire play, putting the non-Shakespearian portions in smaller type, so that the reader may judge for himself whether any thing in these portions is the poet's or not. We have taken this course, leaving the discussion of the details of the arrangement to the *Notes*.

The date of Shakespeare's part of the play can be fixed only by the internal evidence of style, measure, etc. Fleay makes it 1606, or "between *Lear* and the later Roman plays;" and Furnivall (cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 26) "? 1607-8," or at the end of the poet's third period. Dowden considers that 1607 "cannot be far astray." Malone assigned the play to 1610.

The date of the completion of the play by Tourneur, or whoever it was, cannot be fixed even approximately. The work may have been done at any time after Shakespeare threw it aside, and before the publication of the folio in 1623. If, as we have supposed, the play had been acted, it was probably some years earlier than 1623.

The play is one of the worst printed in the folio, and some of the corruptions of the text are of a peculiarly perplexing character.

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

Shakespeare was acquainted with the story of Timon through Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*, from which he had taken the plot of *All's Well* (see our ed. p. 11, and cf. *R. and J.* p. 14), and through a passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius*, which he had used in *Julius Cæsar* and *Antony and Cleopatra*. An earlier play on the same subject has come down to our day in manuscript; though in the opinion of Dyce (who edited

the piece for the Shakespeare Society in 1842), this was never performed in London, being intended solely for an academic audience, and it is improbable that Shakespeare ever saw it. The writer who completed the play seems to have been acquainted with Lucian's Dialogue on Timon, which had not then, so far as we know, been translated into English; but he may have got this part of his material through some version of the story (possibly a dramatized one) that has been lost. Allusions to Timon, as Chalmers has pointed out, are pretty frequent in writers of the time. Shakespeare himself refers to "critic Timon" in *Love's Labour's Lost* (iv. 3. 170), one of his earliest productions.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[From Schlegel's "*Dramatic Literature*." *]

Timon of Athens, of all the works of Shakspeare, possesses most the character of satire: a laughing satire in the picture of the parasites and flatterers, and Juvenalian in the bitterness of Timon's imprecations on the ingratitude of a false world. The story is very simply treated, and is definitely divided into large masses: in the first act, the joyous life of Timon, his noble and hospitable extravagance, and around him the throng of suitors of every description; in the second and third acts, his embarrassment, and the trial which he is thereby reduced to make of his supposed friends, who all desert him in the hour of need; in the fourth and fifth acts, Timon's flight to the woods, his misanthropical melancholy, and his death. The only thing which may be called an episode is the banishment of Alcibiades, and his return by force of arms. However, they are both examples of ingratitude—the one of a state towards its defender, and the other of private friends to their benefactor. As the merits of the general towards his fellow-citizens suppose more strength of

* *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, by A. W. Schlegel, Black's translation, revised by Morrison (London, 1846), p. 417 fol.

character than those of the generous prodigal, their respective behaviours are not less different; Timon frets himself to death, Alcibiades regains his lost dignity by force. If the poet very properly sides with Timon against the common practice of the world, he is, on the other hand, by no means disposed to spare Timon. Timon was a fool in his generosity; in his discontent he is a madman: he is everywhere wanting in the wisdom which enables a man in all things to observe the due measure. Although the truth of his extravagant feelings is proved by his death, and though when he digs up a treasure he spurns the wealth which seems to tempt him, we yet see distinctly enough that the vanity of wishing to be singular, in both the parts that he plays, had some share in his liberal self-forgetfulness, as well as in his anchoretical seclusion. This is particularly evident in the incomparable scene where the cynic Apemantus visits Timon in the wilderness. They have a sort of competition with each other in their trade of misanthropy: the Cynic reproaches the impoverished Timon with having been merely driven by necessity to take to the way of living which he himself had long been following of his free choice, and Timon cannot bear the thought of being merely an imitator of the Cynic. In such a subject as this the due effect could only be produced by an accumulation of similar features; still, in the variety of the shades, an amazing degree of understanding has been displayed by Shakspeare. What a powerfully diversified concert of flatteries and of empty testimonies of devotedness! It is highly amusing to see the suitors, whom the ruined circumstances of their patron had dispersed, immediately flock to him again when they learn that he has been revisited by fortune. On the other hand, in the speeches of Timon, after he is undeceived, all hostile figures of speech are exhausted—it is a dictionary of eloquent imprecations.

[From Knight's "*Pictorial Shakspeare*."*]

The Timon of Shakspeare is not the Timon of the popular stories of Shakspeare's day. The 28th novel of *The Palace of Pleasure* has for its title "Of the strange and *beastly* nature of Timon of Athens, enemy to mankind." According to this authority, "he was a man but by shape only"—he lived "a beastly and churlish life." The story further tells us, "at the same time there was in Athens another of like quality called Apemantus, of the very same nature, different from the natural kind of man." Neither was the Timon of Plutarch the Timon of Shakspeare. The Greek biographer, indeed, tells us that he was angry with all men, and would trust no man, "for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends," but that he was represented as "a viper and malicious man unto mankind, to shun all other men's companies but the company of young Alcibiades, a bold and insolent youth, whom he would greatly feast and make much of and kissed him very gladly." Plutarch also adds, "This Timon sometimes would have Apemantus in his company, because he was much liked to his nature and conditions, and also followed him in manner of life." The Timon, therefore, of Plutarch, and of the popular stories of Shakspeare's time, was little different from the ordinary cynic, such as he is described by Lucian: "But now, mind how you are to behave: you must be bold, saucy, and abusive to everybody, kings and beggars alike; this is the way to make them look upon you, and think you a great man. Your voice should be barbarous, and your speech dissonant, as like a dog as possible; your countenance rigid and inflexible, and your gait and demeanour suitable to it: every thing you say savage and uncouth: modesty, equity, and moderation, you must have nothing to do with: never suffer a blush to come upon your

* Vol. i. of *Tragedies*, p. 339 fol.

cheek: seek the most public and frequented place; but when you are there, desire to be alone, and permit neither friend nor stranger to associate with you; for these things are the ruin and destruction of power and empire." The contrast in Shakspeare between Timon and Apemantus, as developed in the fourth act, is one of the most remarkable proofs of our poet's wonderful sagacity in depicting the nicer shades of character. Johnson, speaking of the scene between the misanthrope and the cynic in the fourth act, says, "I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtlety of discrimination with which Shakspeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble." The Timon of Shakspeare is in many respects essentially different from any model with which we are acquainted, but it approaches nearer, as Mr. Skottowe first observed, to the Timon of Lucian than the commentators have chosen to point out: "It has been deemed a satisfactory conclusion that he derived none of his materials from Lucian, because no translation of the dialogue of *Timon* is known to have existed in Shakspeare's age. But it should rather have been inferred, from the many striking coincidences between the play and the dialogue, that Lucian had some influence over the composition of *Timon*, although the channel through which that influence was communicated is no longer to be traced." Before we proceed to an analysis of the Shaksperian Timon, it may be well to take a rapid glance at the dialogue of Lucian, to which Mr. Skottowe refers.

Timon, or The Misanthrope, opens with an address of Timon to Jupiter, the protector of friendship and of hospitality. The Misanthrope asks what has become of the god's thunderbolt, that he no longer revenges the wickedness of men? He then describes his own calamities. After having enriched a crowd of Athenians that he had rescued from misery, after having profusely distributed his riches amongst

his friends, those ungrateful men despise him because he has become poor. Timon speaks from the desert, where he is clothed with skins, and labours with a spade. Jupiter inquires of Mercury who it is cries so loud from the depth of the valley near Mount Hymettus; and Mercury answers that he is Timon—that rich man who so frequently offered whole hecatombs to the gods; and adds that it was at first thought that he was the victim of his goodness, his philanthropy, and his compassion for the unfortunate, but that he ought to attribute his fall to the bad choice which he made of his friends, and to the want of discernment which prevented his seeing that he was heaping benefits upon wolves and ravens. “Whilst these vultures were preying upon his liver, he thought them his best friends, and that they fed upon him out of pure love and affection. After they had gnawed him all round, eaten his bones bare, and, if there was any marrow in them, sucked it carefully out, they left him, cut down to the roots and withered; and so far from relieving or assisting him in their turns, would not so much as know or look upon him. This has made him turn digger; and here, in his skin garment, he tills the earth for hire; ashamed to show himself in the city, and venting his rage against the ingratitude of those who, enriched as they had been by him, now proudly pass along, and know not whether his name is Timon.” Jupiter resolves to despatch Mercury and Plutus to bestow new wealth upon Timon, and the god of riches very reluctantly consents to go, because, if he return to Timon, he should again become the prey of parasites and courtesans. The subsequent dialogue between Mercury and Plutus, upon the use of riches, is exceedingly acute and amusing. The gods, upon approaching Timon, descry him working with his spade, in company with Labour, Poverty, Wisdom, Courage, and all the virtues that are in the train of indigence. Poverty thus addresses Plutus: “You come to find Timon; and as to me who have received him enervated

by luxury, he would forsake me when I have rendered him virtuous: you come to enrich him anew, which will render him as before, idle, effeminate, and besotted." Timon rejects the offers which Plutus makes him; and the gods leave him, desiring him to continue digging. He then finds gold, and thus apostrophizes it: "It is, it must be, gold, fine, yellow, noble gold; heavy, sweet to behold. . . . Burning like fire, thou shinest day and night: come to me, thou dear delightful treasure! now do I believe that Jove himself was once turned into gold: what virgin would not spread forth her bosom to receive so beautiful a lover?" But the Timon of Lucian has other uses for his riches than Plutus anticipated — he will guard them without employing them; he will, as he says, "purchase some retired spot, there build a tower* to keep my gold in, and live for myself alone: this shall be my habitation; and, when I am dead, my sepulchre also: from this time forth it is my fixed resolution to have no commerce or connection with mankind, but to despise and avoid it. I will pay no regard to acquaintance, friendship, pity, or compassion: to pity the distressed or to relieve the indigent I shall consider as a weakness — nay, as a crime; my life, like the beasts of the field, shall be spent in solitude, and Timon alone shall be Timon's friend. I will treat all beside as enemies and betrayers; to converse with them were profanation, to herd with them impiety: accursed be the day that brings them to my sight!" The most agreeable name to me, he adds, shall be that of Misanthrope. A crowd approach who have heard of his good fortune; and first comes Gnathon, a parasite, who brings him a new poem — a dithyramb. Timon strikes him down with his spade. Another, and another, succeeds; and one comes from the senate to hail him as the safeguard of the Athenians. Each in his turn is welcomed with blows. The dialogue concludes

* A building called the Tower of Timon is mentioned by Pausanias.

with Timon's determination to mount upon a rock, and to receive every man with a shower of stones.

There can be no doubt, we think, that a great resemblance may be traced between the Greek satirist and the English dramatist. The false friends of Timon are much more fully described by Lucian than by Plutarch. The finding the gold is the same, the rejection of it by the Timon of Shakspeare is essentially the same:—the poet of the play was perhaps suggested by the flatterer who came with the new ode;—the senator with his gratulations is not very different from the senators in the drama; the blows and stones are found both in the ancient and the modern. There are minor similarities which might be readily traced, if we believed that Shakspeare had gone direct to Lucian. But our opinion is that he found those similarities in the play which we are convinced he remodelled. It is in the conception and the execution of the character of Timon that the original power of Shakspeare is to be traced.

The vices of Shakspeare's Timon are not the vices of a sensualist. It is true that his offices have been oppressed with riotous feeders, that his vaults have wept with drunken spilth of wine, that every room

“Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;”

but he has nothing selfish in the enjoyment of his prodigality and his magnificence. He himself truly expresses the weakness, as well as the beauty, of his own character: “Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits, and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 't is to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes!” Charles Lamb, in his contrast between Timon of Athens and Hogarth's “Rake's Progress,” has scarcely done justice to Timon: “The wild course of riot and extravagance, ending in the one with

driving the Prodigal from the society of men into the solitude of the deserts; and, in the other, with conducting Hogarth's Rake through his several stages of dissipation into the still more complete desolations of the madhouse, in the play and in the picture are described with almost equal force and nature." Hogarth's Rake is all sensuality and selfishness; Timon is essentially high-minded and generous: he truly says, in the first chill of his fortunes,

"No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given."

In his splendid speech to Apemantus in the fourth act, he distinctly proclaims that in the weakness with which he had lavished his fortunes upon the unworthy, he had not pampered his own passions:

"Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment,
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows."

The all-absorbing defect of Timon—the root of those generous vices which wear the garb of virtue—is the entire want of discrimination, by which he is also characterized in Lucian's dialogue. Shakspeare has seized upon this point, and held firmly to it. He releases Ventidius from prison, he bestows an estate upon his servant, he lavishes jewels upon all the dependants who crowd his board—

"Methinks I could deal kingdoms to my friends
And ne'er be weary."

That universal philanthropy, of which the most selfish men sometimes talk, is in Timon an active principle; but let it be observed that he has no preferences. It appears to us a most remarkable example of the profound sagacity of Shakspeare to exhibit Timon without any especial affections. It is thus that his philanthropy passes without any violence into the extreme of universal hatred to mankind. Had he loved a single human being with that intensity which constitutes affection in the relation of the sexes, and friendship in the relation of man to man, he would have been exempt from that unjudging lavishness which was necessary to satisfy his morbid craving for human sympathy. Shakspeare, we think, has kept this most steadily in view. His surprise at the fidelity of his steward is exhibited, as if the love for any human being in preference to another came upon him like a new sensation:

Flavius. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Timon. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind!
And thou redeem'st thyself; but all, save thee,
I fell with curses."

With this key to Timon's character, it appears to us that we may properly understand the "general and exceptless rashness" of his misanthropy. The only relations in which

he stood to mankind are utterly destroyed. In lavishing his wealth as if it were a common property, he had believed that the same common property would flow back to him in his hour of adversity. "O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves." His false confidence is at once, and irreparably, destroyed. If Timon had possessed one friend with whom he could have interchanged confidence upon equal terms, he would have been saved from his fall, and certainly from his misanthropy. If he had even fallen by false confidence, he would have confined his hatred to his

"Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears."

But his nature has sustained a complete revulsion, because his sympathies were forced, exaggerated, artificial. It is then that all social life becomes to him an object of abomination:

"Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries
And let confusion live! Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison!"

Nothing can be more tremendous than this imprecation,—nothing, under the circumstances, more true and natural.

It is observed by Ulrici that the misanthropy of Timon is as idealized as his philanthropy. "But as that idealized philanthropy was his life's element, the equally idealized misanthropy was a choke-damp in which he could not long breathe; his destroying rage against himself, and all human kind, must of course first destroy himself." Considering Timon's artificial love of mankind and his artificial hate as the results of the same ill-regulated temperament, we can appreciate the beautiful distinction which Shakspeare has drawn between the intellectual cynicism of Apemantus and the passionate misanthropy of Timon. The misanthropy of Timon is not practical—it wastes itself in generalizations; the misanthropy of Apemantus is not imaginative—it gratifies itself in petty insults and unkindnesses:

Apemantus. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Timon. I hate thee worse.

Apemantus.

Why?

Timon.

Thou flatter'st misery.

Apemantus. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Timon. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apemantus.

To vex thee.

Timon. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in 't?

Apemantus.

Ay.

Timon.

What! a knave too?"

The soldier, the courtesan, the thief, are equally included in Timon's fiery denunciations; but they are all equally gratified in essentials. The equanimity with which the fair companions of Alcibiades submit to his railings, when accompanied by his gifts, is profoundly satirical:

"More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon."

It tells, in a word, the impotence of his misanthropy. It is cherished for his own gratification alone. Deeper than this

fancy of hatred to the human race lies the romantic feeling with which he cherishes images of tranquillity beyond this agitating life:

“Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Whom once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover.”

The novelist of the *Palace of Pleasure* thus explains Timon's choice of “his everlasting mansion:” “He ordained himself to be interred upon the sea-shore, that the waves and surges might beat and vex his dead carcass.” Shakspeare has made Alcibiades furnish a more poetical solution of this choice, which is at the same time a key to Timon's general character:

“Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet *rich conceit*
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven.”

[From Verplanck's “*Shakespeare*.”*]

Timon of Athens is one of several dramas which add very much to the general admiration of their author's genius, by exhibiting it as exerted in a new and unexpected direction, and thus displaying a variety and fertility apparently without limits; while yet, as compared either with his exquisite poetical comedies or the tragedies of his matured strength, they must be consigned, by the general suffrage, to a secondary class.

In its spirit, its object, and the style of its execution, *Timon of Athens* is as much of a class by itself among the wide variety of its author's works as even the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*; but it is not, like that, of a class created by and be-

* *The Illustrated Shakespeare*, edited by G. C. Verplanck (New York, 1847), vol. iii. p. 3 fol. of *T. of A.*

longing to himself alone, or in the bounds of that magic circle wherein "none durst walk but he." It was well described by Coleridge (in those extemporary and unpublished lectures of 1818, of which Mr. Collier has preserved many interesting and precious fragments) as being "a bitter dramatized satire." Hazlitt, too, remarks upon it as being "as much a satire as a play, containing some of the finest pieces of invective possible to be conceived;" and several of the critics have pointed out its frequent resemblance, not in particular thoughts, but in general spirit, to the vehement and impetuous denunciations of Juvenal. This pervading spirit of bitter indignation is carried throughout the piece with sustained intensity of purpose and unbroken unity of effect. Yet Mr. Campbell, admitting the resemblance pointed out by Schlegel and others to the great Roman satirist, somewhat splenetically objects that "a tragedy has no business to resemble a biting satire;" and for this reason, and for its general tone of caustic severity, regarding it as the production of its author's spleen rather than of his heart, decides that "altogether *Timon of Athens* is a pillar in Shakespeare's dramatic fame that might be removed without endangering the edifice."

Unquestionably it might be removed without endangering the solidity or diminishing the elevation of the "live-long monument" of the great poet's glory, yet most certainly not without somewhat diminishing its variety and extent. To borrow an illustration from the often used parallel between the Shakespearian and the Greek drama, and the admirable architectural works of their respective ages, I would say that *Timon* is not, indeed, like one of the massive yet graceful columns which give support and solidity, as well as beauty and proportion, to the classic portico, but rather resembles one of those grand adjuncts—cloister, or chapel, or chapter-house—attached to the magnificent cathedrals of the Middle Ages; and, like one of them, might be removed without impairing the solemn sublimity of the sacred edifice, or robbing

it of many of its daring lighter graces ; yet not without the loss of a portion of the pile, majestic and striking in itself, and by its very contrast adding to the nobler and more impressive beauty of the rest an effect of indefinite and apparently boundless grandeur and extent. Coleridge (*Literary Remains*), in an early attempt (1802) at arranging the chronological order of Shakespeare's works, designates *Timon* as belonging, with *Lear* and *Macbeth*, to the last epoch of the poet's life, when the period of beauty was past, and "that of δεινότης and grandeur succeeds." In this view of the subject, he designates *Timon* as "an after-vibration of *Hamlet*." It has, indeed, no little resemblance, both in its poetical and its reflective tone, to the gloomier and meditative passages of *Hamlet*, especially those which may be attributed to the enlarged and more philosophical *Hamlet* of 1604 ; while with the pathos, the tenderness, and the dramatic interest of the tragedy it has very slight affinity. Yet the sad morality of *Hamlet* is, like the countenance of the royal Dane, "more in sorrow than in anger ;" while that of *Timon* is fierce, angry, caustic, and vindictive. It is therefore that, instead of being considered as an after-vibration of *Hamlet*, it would be more appropriately described as a solemn prelude, or a lingering echo, to the wild passion of *Lear*. But, without immediately connecting its date with that of any other particular drama, it may be remarked that it bears all the indications, literary and moral, in its modes of expression and prevailing taste in language and imagery, in its colour of thought and sentiment and tone of temper and feeling, that it belongs to that period of the author's life when he appeared chiefly (to use Mr. Hallam's words) "as the stern censurer of mankind."

In *Lear*, as in *Measure for Measure*, the stern, vehement rebuke of frailty and vice is embodied in characters and incidents of high dramatic interest, and made living and individual by becoming the natural outpourings of personal

emotions and passions. In *Timon* the plot is made to turn upon a single incident, and is used merely as a vehicle for the author's own caustic satire, or wrathful denunciation of general vice. A sudden change of fortune—from boundless prosperity to ruin and beggary—is used to teach the principal character the ingratitude of base mankind, and to convert his indiscriminating bounty and overflowing kindness into as indiscriminate a loathing for man and all his concerns. When that was done, and his character created, all further effort at dramatic interest was neglected, and *Timon* becomes the mouthpiece of the poet himself, who probably, without any acquaintance with Juvenal—certainly without the slightest direct imitation of him—becomes his unconscious rival, reminding the reader alike of the splendid and impassioned declamation, the bitter sneer, and the lofty, stocial morality of the great Roman satirist, and occasionally, too, of his revolting and cynical coarseness.

Among these foaming torrents of acrimonious invective are images and expressions—such, for instance, as the

“planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air”—

which seem afterwards to have expanded themselves into the most magnificent passages of Milton; while the fiery imprecations may again be traced as having lent energy and intensity to similar outpourings of rage and hatred in the most effective scenes of Otway, Lee, and Byron.

The inferior characters and the dialogue are sketched with much spirit and truth, yet not in the light-hearted mood of pure comedy, mingling the author's own gayety with that of his audience, but in the sarcastic vein of the satirist, more intent on truth of portraiture than on comic enjoyment.

All this still leaves *Timon* far below the rank of *Othello* or *Macbeth*, nor does it vie, either in poetry or philosophy, with the milder wisdom of *As You Like It* or *The Tempest*; yet it

must surely add not a little even to the fame of the author of those matchless dramas that he had for a season also wielded the satirist's "horrible scourge" (as Horace calls it) with an energy as terrible as any of those whose fame rests upon that alone.

The idea of employing a framework of dramatic story and dialogue merely for satirical purposes was not new in England, for it had been frequently employed at an early period of English dramatic literature in dramatized eclogues or allegories; rather, however, as attacks upon individuals, or classes of men, than for the purposes of moral satire. Ben Jonson has something of the same idea in his *Poetaster*, which is also a personal dramatic satire. This very subject of Timon, too, had been employed for a purpose like that of Shakespeare; with feeble power, indeed, though with more scholarship than he possessed.

Satirical poetry, in its more restricted sense, as we now commonly use the term, and as implying moral censure or ridicule, clothed in poetic language and ornament, and directed at popular errors or vices, first appeared in England and became familiar there in the later years of the sixteenth century, during the very years when Shakespeare was chiefly employed in his brilliant series of poetic comedies. The satires of Gascoigne, of Marston, and of Hall appeared successively from 1576 to 1598. The first of these in the order of merit, as he claimed to be in order of time, was Joseph Hall:

"I *first* adventure—follow me who list,
And be the *second* English satirist."

His satires were about contemporary, in composition and publication, with the *Merchant of Venice* and the First Part of *Henry IV.*, and he was no unworthy rival, in a different walk of the poet's art, to the great dramatist; for, though his poetical reputation has been merged in the holier fame which, as Bishop Hall, he afterwards gained, and still retains, as a

divine of singular and original powers of eloquence and thought, he deserves an honourable memory of his youthful satires, as distinguished for humour, force, and pungency of expression, discriminating censure, and well-directed indignation. His chief defect is one which he shared with the author of *Timon* and *Measure for Measure*, in a frequent turbid obscurity of language, overcharged with varied allusion, and imperfectly developed or over-compressed thought.

That Shakespeare had read Hall's satires is not only probable in itself, as he could not well have been ignorant of the works of a popular contemporary, who was soon after making his way to the higher honours of the Church and the State, but is corroborated by several resemblances of imagery, which might well have been suggested by the satires. It is on that account worthy of remark that Hall, in his satires, had expressed contempt for that dramatic blank-verse which Shakespeare was then forming, and for which he had just thrown aside the artificial metrical construction upon which Hall prided himself:

"Too popular is tragic poesie,
Straining his tip-toes for a farthing fee,
And doth besides in nameless numbers tread;
Unbid iambs flow from careless head."

It is a singular fact, and it may possibly have arisen from this very challenge, that the spirited rhyming satirist was soon after eclipsed, in his own walk of moral satire, by the "rhymeless iambs" of *Timon*, gushing with spontaneous impetuosity from a tragic source.

But, whatever may have been the connection between the writings of the early English satirists and Shakespeare's essay in dramatic satire—which I mention rather as a point overlooked by the critics, and deserving more examination, than as carrying with it any conclusive proof—it is certain that he did not carry the experiment any further; whether it was that he felt its manifold inferiority, in every higher attri-

bute of poetry, to the true drama of character and passion evolved in action or suffering, or whether it was that the indignant soreness of spirit which is the readiest prompter of such verses soon passed off, and the morbid rage of Timon, "stung to the quick with high wrongs," gave way forever to the nobler reason of the "kindlier-moved" Prospero.

That *Timon of Athens*, as to all its higher and more characteristic portions, was written about the period to which Hallam and Coleridge assign it, there can be no reasonable doubt. The extrinsic evidence is, indeed, negative; but it shows—by the absence of all such references to this play as are to be traced in respect to almost all Shakespeare's works, and to all those of his youth—that this one had not been very long known before his death; thus corroborating the internal indications that it was written a few years before or after *Lear*. We find no evidence that it was ever played at all; and it is certain that it could not have been very often represented, or the diligence of the Shakespeare Society and its indefatigable associates would have afforded us some record of its performance. It was published only in the folio of 1623, and the manner in which it there appears, strangely and variously distorted and confused, raises some of the most curious and doubtful questions of critical theory and discussion.

In the text, as originally printed, the reader is startled, at first sight, by frequent successions of very short lines, or half-lines, metrically looking like lyrical blank-verse; but which no art of good reading, or of editorial ingenuity, can bring to any thing like harmony or regularity, even of that careless and rugged tone in which Shakespeare at times thought fit to clothe his severer poetry. Steevens, as is his wont, applied himself boldly to bring the lines into regular metre; but, with all his editorial skill of patching and mending, altering and transposing, he succeeded only in arranging the intractable words in lines of ten syllables, which no ear can recog-

nize as verse, though they look like it. There are, again, passages printed as prose that seem to contain the mutilated elements of rhythmical melody, and may have been intended for such. We find, moreover, much more than the ordinary difficulties of obscured or ambiguous meaning. These arise partially from manifest errors of the printer or the copyist, and some of these the acuteness of various critics has been able to clear up, while others still remain unexplained; appearing as if the author had not paused to develop his own idea, but had contented himself with an indication of his general sense, such as is often employed by persons not writing immediately for the press, or for any eye but their own.

But more especially, in addition to all these causes of perplexity, there is a most strongly marked difference of manner between the truly Shakespearian rhythm and diction and imagery of the principal scenes and soliloquies, which give to the drama its poetic character, and the tamer and uncharacteristic style of much of the detail of the story and dialogue, and the accessories of the main interest. This is as marked as the contrast in the author's juvenile dramas, between the original groundwork and the occasional enlargements and additions of his ripening taste, such as the passages in *Love's Labour's Lost*, which can be confidently ascribed to the period of that comedy's being "corrected and augmented." We might be disposed to offer the same explanation of the cause of difference in this case as that ascertained in the other instances, were it not that the inferior portion of *Timon* has scarcely any of the peculiar character of the author's more youthful manner, which was as distinguishable as that of any other period of his intellectual progress, and almost always more finished and polished in its peculiar way.

Several theories have been proposed for the elucidation of these doubts. The first is that of the English commentators of the age and school of Steevens and Malone, who think

that every thing is accounted for by the general allegation that the text is uncommonly corrupt. But these errors and confusion of sense or metre, even where they appear to be past remedy, yet affect only the several passages where they are found, and influence but little the general spirit and tone of the dialogue. They are of the same sort with those found in *Coriolanus*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, etc.; and, like them, may be struck out of the context, without essential change in its sense or style. This, therefore, cannot account for such marked discrepancy of execution where the meaning is clear.

The next solution, in order of time, is that of Coleridge; which, however, first appeared in print in 1842, in Collier's Introduction to his edition of *Timon of Athens*. Mr. Collier there says:

"There is an apparent want of finish about some portions of *Timon of Athens*, while others are elaborately wrought. In his lectures, in 1815, Coleridge dwelt upon this discordance of style at considerable length, but we find no trace of it in the published fragments of his lectures in 1818. Coleridge said, in 1815, that he saw the same vigorous hand at work throughout, and gave no countenance to the notion that any parts of a previously existing play had been retained in *Timon of Athens*, as it had come down to us. It was Shakespeare's throughout; and, as originally written, he apprehended that it was one of the author's most complete performances: the players, however, he felt convinced, had done the poet much injustice; and he especially instanced (as, indeed, he did in 1818) the clumsy, 'clap-trap' blow at the Puritans, in act iii. scene 3, as an interpolation by the actor of the part of Timon's servant. Coleridge accounted for the ruggedness and inequality of the versification upon the same principle, and he was persuaded that only a corrupt and imperfect copy had come to the hands of the player-editors of the folio of 1623. Why the manuscript of *Timon*

of *Athens* should have been more mutilated than that from which other dramas were printed, for the first time, in the same volume, was a question into which he did not enter. His admiration of some parts of the tragedy was unbounded; but he maintained that it was, on the whole, a painful and disagreeable production, because it gave only a disadvantageous picture of human nature, very inconsistent with what he firmly believed was our great poet's real view of the characters of his fellow-creatures. He said that the whole piece was a bitter dramatic satire—a species of writing in which Shakespeare had shown, as in all other kinds, that he could reach the very highest point of excellence. Coleridge could not help suspecting that the subject might have been taken up under some temporary feeling of vexation and disappointment.”

To this theory the same answer may be given as to the preceding, with the additional improbability that (as we know from the antiquarian inquiries published since Coleridge's lectures) *Timon* was much less exposed to such corruption than other more popular dramas; for we cannot find, from the lists of plays performed at court, the manuscripts of critical dramatists, like Dr. Forman, or the theatrical barrister who fixed the date of *Twelfth Night*, that Shakespeare's *Timon* was ever acted at all before it was printed; and the strong probability is that it was never what is called a stock-piece for repeated representation. There was, therefore, but little likelihood of any great and frequent alterations or interpolations of this play, if it had been originally a complete and finished performance; though some particular passages, such as the sneer at the Puritans, insisted upon by Coleridge, might have thus crept into the dialogue.

We have next the theory of Mr. Knight, who, assuming a theory first suggested by Dr. Farmer, that there existed some earlier popular play of which *Timon* was the hero, thence maintains, from the contrast of style exhibited throughout

the drama, between the free and flowing grace, the condensation of poetical imagery, the tremendous vigour of moral satire, in its nobler parts, and the poverty of thought, meagreness of diction, and barrenness of fancy of large portions of the remainder, that "*Timon of Athens* was a play originally produced by an artist very inferior to Shakespeare, which probably retained possession of the stage for some time in its first form; that it has come down to us not wholly rewritten, but so far remodelled that entire scenes of Shakespeare have been substituted for entire scenes of the elder play; and, lastly, that this substitution has been almost wholly confined to the character of Timon, and that in the development of that character alone, with the exception of some few occasional touches here and there, we must look for the unity of the Shakespearian conception of the Greek Misanthropos—the Timon of Aristophanes and Lucian and Plutarch—the 'enemy to mankind' of the popular story-books, of the 'pleasant Histories and excellent Novels' which were greedily devoured by the contemporaries of the boyish Shakespeare."

The theory has much to give it probability, and may possibly give the true solution of the question. Yet there are some weighty reasons that may be opposed to it.

We have lately been made acquainted, through Mr. Dyce's edition of 1842, with the original drama of *Timon*, referred to by Steevens and other editors who had seen or heard of it in manuscript. This is certainly anterior to Shakespeare's *Timon*, and the manuscript transcript is believed to have been made before 1600. It is the work of a scholar, and it appears to have been acted. But to this *Timon* it is apparent that Shakespeare was under no obligation of the kind required by Mr. Knight's theory, although it may possibly have been the medium through which he derived one or two incidents from Lucian. We must then presume the existence of another and more popular drama on the same subject of which

all other trace is lost, and of a piece which, if it even existed, could not have been from any despicable hand ; for the portions of the Shakespearian drama ascribed to it, however inferior to the glow and vigour of the rest, are yet otherwise, as compared with the writings of preceding dramatists, written with no little dramatic spirit and satiric humour. This is surely a somewhat unlikely presumption.

But what weighs most with me is this : that, great as the discrepancy of style and execution may be, yet in the characters, and the whole plot, incidents, and adjuncts required to develop them, there is an entire unison of thought, as if proceeding from a single mind ; much more so, for instance, than in the *Taming of the Shrew*, where the materials may be distinctly assigned to different workmen, as well as the taste and fashion of the decoration.

Another theory is patronized by Ulrici, and is said to be the opinion commonly received in Germany, where Shakespeare has of late years found so many ardent admirers and acute critics. It is that *Timon* is one of Shakespeare's very latest works, and has come down to us unfinished.

To the theory as thus stated I must object, that, so far as we can apply to a great author any thing resembling those rules whereby the criticism of art is enabled so unerringly to divide the works of great painters into their several successive "manners," and to appropriate particular works of Raphael or Titian to their youth, or their improved taste and talent in their several changes until maturity, we must assign *Timon*, not to the latest era of Shakespeare's style and fancy, as shown in the *Tempest* and the *Winter's Tale*, but to the period where it is placed by Hallam and Coleidge, as of the epoch of *Measure for Measure*, the revised *Hamlet*, and *Lear*.

But the conclusive argument against this opinion is that the play does not, except in a very few insulated passages, resemble the unfinished work of a great master, where parts

are finished, and the rest marked out only by the outline, or still more imperfect hints. On the contrary, it is like such a work left incomplete and finished by another hand, inferior, though not without skill, and working on the conceptions of the greater master.

This is precisely the hypothesis to which the examination of the other theories has brought my own mind. The hypothesis which I should offer—certainly with no triumphant confidence of its being the truth, but as more probable than any other—is this: Shakespeare, at some time during that period, when his temper, state of health, or inclination of mind, from whatever external cause, strongly prompted him to a severe judgment of human nature and acrimonious moral censure, adopted the canvas of *Timon's* story as a fit vehicle for poetic satire, in the highest sense of the term, as distinguished alike from personal lampoons and from the playful exhibition of transient follies. In this he poured forth his soul in those scenes and soliloquies, the idea of which had invited him to the subject; while, as to the rest, he contented himself with a rapid and careless composition of some scenes, and probably on others (such as that of Alcibiades with the senate) contenting himself with simply sketching out the substance of an intended dialogue to be afterwards elaborated. In this there is no improbability, for literary history has preserved the evidence of such a mode of composition in Milton and others. The absence of all trace of the piece from this time till it was printed in 1623 induces the supposition that in this state the author threw aside his unfinished work, perhaps deterred by its want of promise of stage effect and interest, perhaps invited by some more congenial theme. When, therefore, it was wanted by his friends and "fellows," Heminge and Condell, after his death, for the press and the stage, some literary artist like Heywood was invited to fill up the accessory and subordinate parts of the play upon the author's own outline; and this was done, or attempted to be

done, in the manner of the great original, as far as possible, but with little distinction of his varieties of style.

Upon this hypothesis, I suppose the play to be mainly and substantially Shakespeare's, filled up, indeed, by an inferior hand, but not interpolated in the manner of Tate, Davenant, or Dryden, with the rejection and adulteration of parts of the original; so that its history would be nearly that of many of the admired paintings of Rubens and Murillo, and other prolific artists, who often left the details and accessories of their work to be completed by pupils or dependants.

[From Charles Cowden-Clarke's "*Shakespeare-Characters*."*]

The play of *Timon of Athens* may be denominated a dramatic satire. The story is a bitter invective against the hollowness of worldly friendships, and the ingratitude of worldly dependants. The speeches and the axioms in it exhibit much of the caustic severity and brevity of Juvenal; while, in the vituperation of conventional and class vices the language falls not greatly short, in force and rough vehemence, of the powerful Hebrew poet and prophet—the terms being synonymous—the drastic Ezekiel. One would suppose that no one possessing common judgment and discriminative taste could rise from the perusal of this drama without being impressed with its extraordinary force; neither will any such one lay it down untouched by a sense of depression—at all events, of regret: not because the prominent character has reduced himself to penury and destitution through his irrational profusion and extravagance; for your colander-spendthrift is not an object of sympathy—scarcely beyond a shrug of the shoulders; but the play is a painful one, by reason of the predominance of worldly selfishness, meanness, and ingratitude, encountered by maniacal invective and

* From the unpublished "Second Series" of the *Shakespeare-Characters* (see 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 18), through the kindness of Mrs. Mary Cowden-Clarke.

reproach, resulting from ostentatious bounty, without even puerile discrimination, and senseless confidence poured into the very kennels of society.

The good in the play is *indeed* good, more perhaps by virtue of the contrast; and hence it stands out with a gentle yet prevailing lustre, and keeps alive belief in the unfading truth, that loving-kindness is the "great happiness principle," and must inevitably work out its own "exceeding great reward."

The general story of the play is treated upon the broadest and most simple principles. In the opening, we have the gorgeous entertainment of Timon, with the throng of summer-fly sycophants sucking his honey. Next comes the first blast of his wintry fortune, and they are fled. He proves them in the day of his necessity, and they are found wanting: not one will lend him a talent, on whom he had lavished a treasury.

"Myself,

Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment,
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows."

In the last two acts we have his self-banishment to the woods from an ungrateful world; his execration of his species; and his forlorn yet grandly poetical death and interment.

"Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end!
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign."

The character of Timon is a sort of moral catachresis. In each direction of his career his conduct is strained to its utmost limit of tension. He is mad in his generosity, equally mad in his antipathy. As he had not the wisdom to know that men in the aggregate are self-seeking, so he equally erred in revolting at even individual devotedness and magnanimity; he was headlong in his bounty, headstrong in his antipathy.

The critic Schlegel says of his character: "We see distinctly enough that the vanity of wishing to be singular, in both the parts he plays, had some share in his liberal self-forgetfulness, as well as his anchoritical seclusion." I am not sure that Shakespeare intended this view of his character to be taken; but that he was a man of strong passions and weak judgment, inclining naturally to kindness and munificence, and misanthropical only from disappointment at ingratitude; and the strength of his passion and the weakness of his judgment maintained a natural equilibrium, both in his love and in his hatred. His behaviour towards his servants in his prosperity is distinctly gentle and winning; and his last scene with his faithful steward, who comes to seek him in his seclusion, is excessively touching, from the effect which that honest creature's attachment has wrought in him. I cannot perceive that "vanity" was his main-spring of action.

The division of the play wherein the largest portion of talent is displayed is in the scene between Timon and Apemantus, the Cynic philosopher. In the latter character, not only has Shakespeare written fully up to the spirit of the Greek professor of sarcasm, but his retorts and cynical axioms are admirable imitations of the sententious pedantry of the schools, and of the mere *professor* of misanthropy; while, in the contrast between his artistical and artificial churlishness, and the profound feeling of resentment in Timon, the poet has displayed great power of understanding

and discrimination. Apemantus's invectives have all the air of show-speeches, got up for the occasion ; those of Timon have—as they should—the directly contrary effect, being sudden and spontaneous.

The language and behaviour of the Cynic, although affected, and otherwise offensive from its gratuitous insolence, is nevertheless tolerable when contrasted with the hungry servility of the flatterers, and hangers-on to the skirts of the thriftless Timon. The dialogue between the courtier-poet and painter is managed to the very life : the former, with a natural profession of independence, moralizes the idolatry of all classes at the rich man's shrine. [As Timon afterwards says :

“The learned pate ducks to the golden fool !”

A pictorial satire composed in eight words ; and what words !]

The courtier-poet has made a poem upon the instability of fortune, and the falsehood of flattery and time-serving. A happy—and unhappy—portrait of humanity, and a comprehensive selection of terms, are employed in this short sentence :

“You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their services to Lord Timon. His large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself.”

Then we have another touch of nature in the bard's over-weening impatience of interruption from the painter, who brings in his own art to illustrate the other's allegory :

“Nay, sir, but hear me on.

All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,

Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
 Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
 Drink the free air.
 When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
 Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants
 Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
 Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
 Not one accompanying his declining foot."

This same scene (the first in the play) exhibits amusing example of the "claw-me claw-thee" craft, in which these thin-skinned worthies fan each other's self-esteem, dispensing mutual approbation at compound interest. Molière has a counterpart to the above in his *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*; in which the music-master and the dancing-master rejoice in the substantial merits of their patron, who, though he knows little, "pays well." With ox-like patience, therefore, they kick their heels in the anteroom, while Monsieur Jourdain dilates on the difficult putting-on of new silk stockings, and conceives of no splendour beyond the glory of his robe-de-chambre. . . .

The thieves—in the fourth act—who come to rob Timon in the woods, hearing that he has found gold, are sketched in with the same eye to complete harmony in the picture. They minister to Timon's bitterness against the world, by furnishing him with occasion to utter that eloquent piece of wormwood sophistry commencing—

"I'll example you with thievery:
 The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief," etc. . . .

The character of Flavius, the steward to Timon, even Shakespeare himself never surpassed, for simple, unadorned integrity, and faithful attachment to his master, "through good report and through evil report." It is the only piece of characteristic contrast in the play; and it is as if the poet intended to show, in this solitary, individual example, the

great beauty and steady lustre of straightforward honesty and unostentatious fidelity, placed in juxtaposition with all the vices of those who hasten to become rich. How poor are they! how rich is he! rich in his consciousness of rectitude; rich in that amplest return of all investments—a quiet, contented mind with a loving heart. There is an exquisitely touching scene (the second of the fourth act) between him and his fellow-servants, immediately after their master has fled to the woods. At parting, he says to them:

“Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I’ll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon’s sake
Let’s yet be fellows; let’s shake our heads, and say,
As ’t were a knell unto our master’s fortunes,
‘We have seen better days.’ Let each take some.

[Giving them money.]

Nay, put out all your hands.—Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.”

The last scene, and the close of the fourth act, puts the key-stone to the arch of this simply beautiful character. He discovers his master, and entreats to remain and comfort him; but is sent away, not without a noble testimony to his disinterested integrity.

The banishment of the general, Alcibiades, is introduced by way of episode, to exhibit, I presume, an example of public ingratitude towards the defender of his country; as the self-banishment of Timon was to display the private ingratitude of (so-called) friends towards their benefactor; and each resents the treatment he has received in a way perfectly in keeping with the constitution of his character. Timon—like a stung beast, lashes himself into madness and death: he is the impulsive, and, so far, the weak-minded, man. Alcibiades, the general, accustomed to sway and direct large masses of the community, knows mankind more accurately according to their collective value. He coolly makes short parley with them, and, by a sudden movement, redeems his

position in the state by invasion, and placing the Senate under his heel. This contrasting of cause and result, from intellectual structure, is very masterful. . . .

It is observable that Shakespeare has introduced no females in this play, except the Masque of Ladies in act i. ; and the two courtesans, who are in the retinue of the banished general. Was this circumstance intended to be part and parcel of the general satire? The "Ladies" in the Masque are nameless, characterless personages, typifying those social gauze-winged flutterers—painted flies—that flaunt among the bright parterres of assemblies, banquets, festivities ; who dance through life, and make their home in an eternal round of public parties. Their faces wear a perpetual meaningless smile ; their voices are attuned to an unvarying key of complaisance ; and their bodies are tutored to move in a ceaseless measure of artificial grace and allurements. These "Ladies" enter but for a short space during one scene ; but they amply represent that class of women whose profession is pleasing, whose pursuit is pleasure. They come in dressed for a gayly devised pageant, "with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing ;" they are attended by Cupid—a symbol of light-winged dalliance ; and they accept for partners in the dance as many of Timon's lordly guests as choose to take hands with them—partners in act and spirit. Their words to the reckless master of the feast are mere simpering courtesy—smooth, obsequious, passive ; the very "soft nothings" of society. Shakespeare, who best of all men could depict woman in her true self-respect of blended dignity with gentleness, has shown in these masque-ladies how accurately he could discern and exhibit the females of that species which he describes as those who,

"like butterflies,

Show not their mealy wings but to the summer:"

the first cold blight of adversity scatters them far and wide, and they are no more seen.

Phrynia and Timandra I pass by without comment: they speak their own pointed meaning—as the author has introduced them—with unequivocal plainness.

This drama of Timon, moreover, is constructed and sustained without even an allusion to the passion of Love: any episode of this nature would at once have destroyed the grand and simple unity of the structure; which, as it is, occupies the mind

“Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream.”

The speeches of Timon after he has been undeceived remain with us, like the witnessing of a frightful event; as Schlegel well says, “all the hostile figures of language are exhausted: it is a dictionary of imprecations.” The play itself forms an isolated class in itself, is intensely interesting, from its introducing the poet to us, invested in the new power of unblenching satire and resistless invective: in this latter quality of intellect and outpouring, there is not, perhaps, any thing in eloquence that exceeds the terrible anathemas of Timon. He stands alone in the drama, as an impersonation of wrath and malediction; and we glance only, in thought, at the other persons, by reason of the overwhelming occupancy of the master-spirit in the scene.

The slight and simple close to the play, put in the form of the “Soldier” seeking out Timon, and finding but his seawashed tomb and epitaph, is, to my feeling, in the finest sense and sentiment of poetry. No other end could so solemnly and quietly have concluded the hero’s powerfully contrasted story.

[From Mr. F. J. Furnivall’s *Introduction to the Play*.*]

We change from Italy to Greece, from the Republic of Rome to the Republic of Athens. But from Rome in her early legendary days, unlit by the genius of poet or philosopher, to Athens in her palmiest historic time, sunned with the

* *The Leopold Shakspeare* (London, 1877), p. lxxxiv. fol.

glory of the greatest names in ancient literature and art—Socrates, Plato, Sophocles, and Aristophanes; Xenophon, Thucydides; Phidias: all these dwelt, in Alcibiades' time, in Greece. But though the change in land, and light of memory, is great, the burden of Shakspeare's *Timon* is still the same as that of his *Coriolanus*, the ingratitude of men. . . . The curses of Coriolanus, Thersites, Lear, ring through the play, and no glorious figures of Volumnia, Cordelia, rise to relieve its gloom. Indeed, except the unnamed ladies who dance, harlots alone are the female characters of the play. One wishes it could be moved next to *Troilus and Cressida*, to which it is closely akin in temper, so that *Coriolanus*, with its forgiveness for wrongs, and not revenge, might be the transition play from the Third Period to the Fourth.* In *Timon* the only respect-worthy characters are Flavius, Flaminio, the first Stranger, and the Servant who calls Sempromio a villain. The play wants action and characterization, and is unequal, even in Shakspeare's part. One does not wonder that he left it unfinished, and let its completer do what he liked with it. Other links besides its cursings, between it and *Coriolanus*, are, Alcibiades taking revenge, by invasion, on Athens, as Coriolanus does on Rome; the Senators' ingratitude, and subsequent appeal for mercy, to the wronged invader, in each play. With *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Timon* is allied, by its story taken partly from Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, by the name Ventidius in both plays, by a certain gorgeousness of colour over the early part of *Timon*. Timon's gold-poison speech reminds us of Romeo's to the apothecary. The completer's Lucullus-talk, in iii. 1., seems to me suggested by Shallow's in 2 *Henry IV.* iii. 2. . . .

Timon is like Lear in thinking he can buy love with gifts. His character is weak and vain, as we see by his foolish self-indulgence and ostentatious generosity; and his weakness is shown just as strongly by his after-rushing to the other ex-

* See our ed. of *As You Like It*, p. 25, foot-note.—Ed.

treme, hate of all men, women, and children, and his native land, because his own friends disappoint him. As Apemantus says :

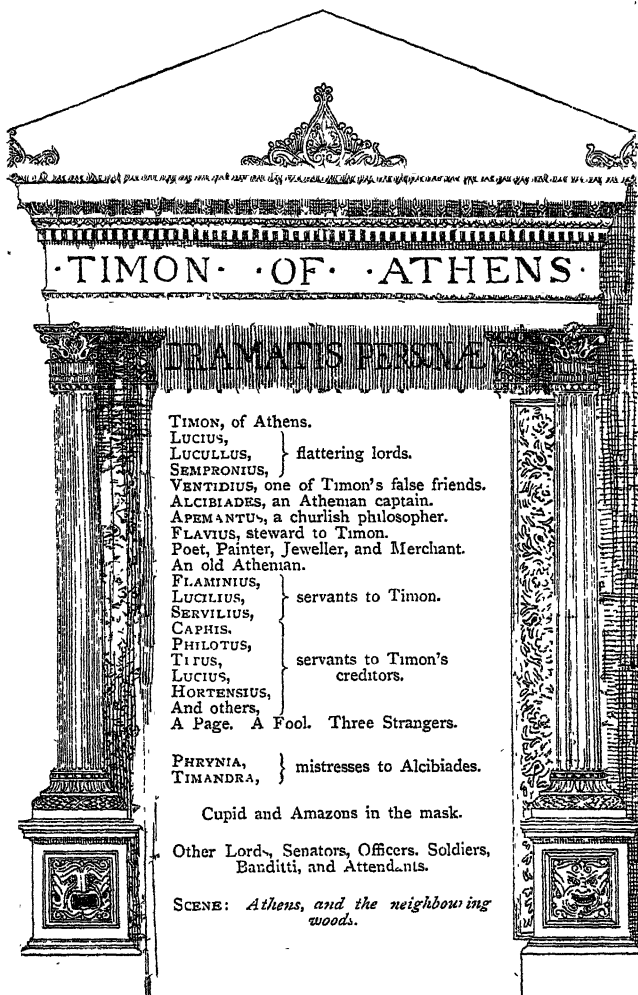
“This is in thee a nature but infected,
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune.”

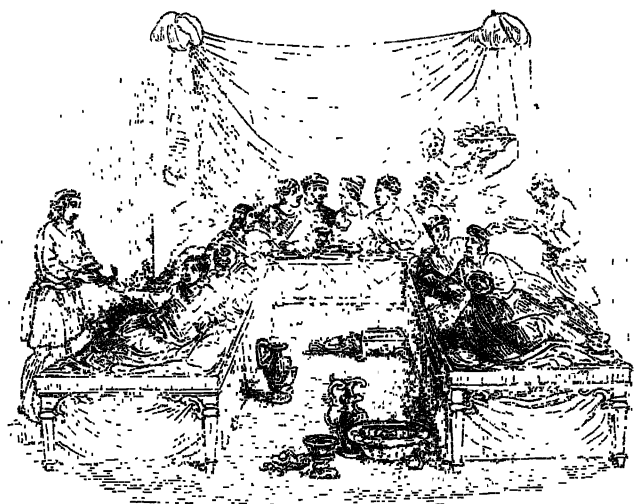
And even if we take his own account of his former state and the change in him—

“Myself who had the world as my confectionary,” etc. (iv. 3)—

we see what a poor nature he must have had to be so affected by disappointment, how far short of Orlando's good sense and modesty, which would have taught him that he himself was the first person he ought to have cursed. He could not ask himself Volumnia's question, “Thinkest thou it honourable for a noble man still to remember wrongs?” Nor, as Apemantus said, had he ever known the middle of humanity, but only the extremity at both ends. Richardson, an old critic of the play, notices as characteristic of Timon his weak love of distinction, the ostentatiousness of his liberality, his impatience of admonition, his liking of excessive applause; that his favours did no real good, only gratified men's passions or vanity; did not relieve the fatherless and widow, but poets, painters, great men, his own attendants; that his gifts were profuse, in order to get profuse praise for them; that he set too high a value on his gifts; that he got for them a due return; he thought he was acting from pure motives, but he wasn't, only from self-love; his friends felt this, and gave him back nothing in return. Then he weakly turns on all men; he makes sure that he has discovered the best, and that when they fail, all mankind are bad. Yet Shakspeare sympathizes with Timon, as always with the sufferers, rather than with the practical Alcibiades, who takes the right means to revenge himself for his countrymen's ingratitude to him.

TIMON OF ATHENS.





ANCIENT TRICLINIUM.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Painter. I am glad you 're well.

Poet. I have not seen you long ; how goes the world ?

Painter. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that 's well known ;

But what particular rarity ? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches ? See,
Magic of bounty ! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Painter. I know them both ; th' other's a jeweller.

Merchant. O, 't is a worthy lord !

Jeweller.

Nay, that 's most fix'd.

Merchant. A most incomparable man, breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continueate goodness ; 11
He passes.

Jeweller. I have a jewel here—

Merchant. O, pray, let 's see 't ! for the Lord Timon, sir ?

Jeweller. If he will touch the estimate ; but, for that—

Poet. [*Reciting to himself*] 'When we for recompense have
prais'd the vile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.'

Merchant.

'T is a good form.

[*Looking at the jewel.*]

Jeweller. And rich ; here is a water, look ye.

Painter. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me. 21

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 't is nourish'd. The fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck ; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and like the current flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there ?

Painter. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth ?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let 's see your piece.

Painter. 'T is a good piece. 30

Poet. So 't is ; this comes off well and excellent.

Painter. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable ! how this grace
Speaks his own standing ! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth ! how big imagination
Moves in this lip ! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Painter. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch ; is 't good ?

Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors nature ; artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

40

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Painter. How this lord is follow'd !

Poet. The senators of Athens.—Happy man !

Painter. Look, moe !

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment. My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax ; no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

50

Painter. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their services to Lord Timon. His large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself : even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

60

Painter. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd ; the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere

To propagate their states. Amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

70

Painter. 'T is conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
'To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

80

Painter. Ay, marry, what of these?
Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

90

Painter. 'T is common;
A thousand moral paintings I can show
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter LORD TIMON, addressing himself courteously to every suitor; a Messenger from VENTIDIUS talking with him; LUCILIUS and other servants following.

Timon. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Messenger. Ay, my good lord; five talents is his debt,
His means most short, his creditors most strait.
Your honourable letter he desires 100
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Timon. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Messenger. Your lordship ever binds him.

Timon. Commend me to him. I will send his ransom;
And being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.
'T is not enough to help the feeble up, 110
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Messenger. All happiness to your honour! [Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Athenian. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Timon. Freely, good father.

Old Athenian. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Timon. I have so; what of him?

Old Athenian. Most noble Timon, call the man before
thee.

Timon. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Lucilius. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Athenian. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy
creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man 120
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;

And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.

Timon.

Well; what further?

Old Athenian. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got.
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

130

Timon.

The man is honest.

Old Athenian. Therefore he will be, Timon.
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

Timon.

Does she love him?

Old Athenian. She is young and apt;
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Timon. [To *Lucilius*] Love you the maid?

Lucilius. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Athenian. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

140

Timon.

How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Athenian. Three talents on the present; in future, all.

Timon. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 't is a bond in men. Give him thy daughter;
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Athenian.

Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

150

Timon. My hand to thee ; mine honour on my promise.

Lucilius. Humbly I thank your lordship. Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping, 152
Which is not owed to you !

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship !

Timon. I thank you ; you shall hear from me anon :
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend ?

Painter. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Timon. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man ;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature, 160
He is but outside : these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find I like it ; wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Painter. The gods preserve ye !

Timon. Well fare you, gentleman : give me your hand ;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jeweller. What, my lord ! dispraise ?

Timon. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 't is extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jeweller. My lord, 't is rated 170
As those which sell would give ; but you well know,
Things of like value differing in the owners
Are prized by their masters. Believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Timon. Well mock'd.

Merchant. No, my good lord ; he speaks the common
tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Timon. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid ?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jeweller. We 'll bear, with your lordship.

Merchant. He 'll spare none.

Timon. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus! 180

Apemantus. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Timon. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apemantus. Are they not Athenians?

Timon. Yes.

Apemantus. Then I repent not.

Jeweller. You know me, Apemantus?

Apemantus. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Timon. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apemantus. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon. 190

Timon. Whither art going?

Apemantus. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Timon. That's a deed thou 'lt die for.

Apemantus. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Timon. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apemantus. The best, for the innocence.

Timon. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apemantus. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Painter. You're a dog. 200

Apemantus. Thy mother's of my generation; what's she, if I be a dog?

Timon. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apemantus. No; I eat not lords.

Timon. An thou shouldst, thou 'dst anger ladies.

Apemantus. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Timon. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apemantus. So thou apprehendest it, take it for thy labour.

Timon. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apemantus. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man
a doit. 210

Timon. What dost thou think 't is worth ?

Apemantus. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet !

Poet. How now, philosopher !

Apemantus. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one ?

Apemantus. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apemantus. Art not a poet ?

Poet. Yes.

Apemantus. Then thou liest ; look in thy last work, where thou
hast feigned him a worthy fellow. 221

Poet. That 's not feigned ; he is so.

Apemantus. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour ;
he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I
were a lord !

Timon. What wouldst do then, Apemantus ?

Apemantus. E'en as Apemantus does now ; hate a lord with my
heart.

Timon. What, thyself ?

Apemantus. Ay. 230

Timon. Wherefore ?

Apemantus. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art not thou a
merchant ?

Merchant. Ay, Apemantus.

Apemantus. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not !

Merchant. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apemantus. Traffic 's thy god ; and thy god confound thee !

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Timon. What trumpet 's that ?

Messenger. 'T is Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship. 240

Timon. Pray, entertain them ; give them guide to us.—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

You must needs dine with me.—Go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you ; and when dinner 's done,
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir !

Apemantus. So, so, there !
Aches contract and starve your supple joints !
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy ! The strain of man 's bred out
Into baboon and monkey. 250

Alcibiades. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Timon. Right welcome, sir !
Ere we depart, we 'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all except Apemantus.]

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time o' day is 't, Apemantus ?

Apemantus. Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

Apemantus. The more accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast ?

Apemantus. Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine heat fools. 260

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apemantus. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus ?

Apemantus. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give
thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself !

Apemantus. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding ; make thy requests
to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I 'll spurn thee hence !

Apemantus. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [Exit.]

1 *Lord.* He 's opposite to humanity.—

Come, shall we in, 271

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed but he repays
Sevenfold above itself, no gift to him
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in? 280

1 *Lord,* I 'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Banqueting-room in Timon's House.*

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, Senators, and VENTIDIUS. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself.

Ventidius. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich;
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Timon. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love.
I gave it freely ever; and there's none 10
Can truly say he gives, if he receives.
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Ventidius. A noble spirit!

Timon. Nay, my lords,

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.*]

Ceremony was but devis'd at first
 To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
 Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown;
 But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
 Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
 Than my fortunes to me.

[*They sit.*

1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.

21

Apemantus. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

Timon. O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

Apemantus.

No,

You shall not make me welcome;

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Timon. Fie, thou'rt a churl; ye've got a humour there

Does not become a man, 't is much to blame.—

They say, my lords, ira furor brevis est; but yond man is ever angry.
 Go, let him have a table by himself, for he does neither affect company,
 nor is he fit for 't, indeed.

30

Apemantus. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon. I come to observe;
 I give thee warning on 't.

Timon. I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian, therefore welcome. I myself would have no power; prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apemantus. I scorn thy meat; 't would choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods, what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men;

40

Methinks they should invite them without knives;

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for 't; the fellow who sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: 't has been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals,

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes;

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Timon. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

2 *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

50

Apemantus. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire.

This and my food are equals, there's no odds ;
 Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus's grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf ;
 I pray for no man but myself.
 Grant I may never prove so fond,
 To trust man on his oath or bond,
 Or a harlot for her weeping,
 Or a dog that seems a-sleeping,
 Or a keeper with my freedom,
 Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
 Amen. So fall to 't ;

60

Rich men sin, and I eat root. [*Eats and drinks.*]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus !

Timon. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcibiades. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Timon. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends. 71

Alcibiades. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em ; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apemantus. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid me to 'em !

Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect. 78

Timon. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you ; how had you been my friends else ? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf ; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em ? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits ; and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends ? Oh, what a precious comfort 't is, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes ! O

joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you. 93

Apemantus. Thou weapest to make them drink, Timon.

2 *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apemantus. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 *Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apemantus. Much! [Tucket, within.]

Timon. What means that trump?—

Enter a Servant.

How now? 100

Servant. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Timon. Ladies! what are their wills?

Servant. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Timon. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cupid. Hail to thee, worthy Timon!—and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledged thee their patron, and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: th' ear,
Taste, touch, and smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes. 110

Timon. They 're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance.—
Music, make their welcome! [Exit Cupid.]

1 *Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you 're belov'd.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, with a mask of Ladies as Amazons,
with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apemantus. Hey-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves; 120

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men
 Upon whose age we void it up again,
 With poisonous spite and envy.
 Who lives that 's not depraved or depraves?
 Who dies that bears not one spurn to their graves
 Of their friends' gift?
 I should fear those that dance before me now
 Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; and
 to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all
 dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys,
 and cease.*

Timon. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies, 130
 Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
 You have added worth unto 't and lustre,
 And entertain'd me with mine own device:
 I am to thank you for 't.

1 *Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apemantus. Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not hold tak-
 ing, I doubt me.

Timon. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you;
 Please you to dispose yourselves. 140

All Ladies. Most thankfully, my lord.

Timon. Flavius.

[Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.]

Flavius. My lord?

Timon. The little casket bring me hither.

Flavius. Yes, my lord.—*[Aside]* More jewels yet!
 There is no crossing him in 's humour;
 Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith, I should,
 When all 's spent, he 'd be cross'd then, an he could.
 'T is pity bounty had not eyes behind,
 That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. 150

1 *Lord.* Where be our men?

Servant. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord.* Our horses!

Re-enter FLAVIUS, with the casket.

Timon. O my friends,
I have one word to say to you.—Look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

I Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

160

Timon. They are fairly welcome.

Flavius. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Timon. Near! why then, another time I'll hear thee.
I prithee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flavius. [*Aside*] I scarce know how.

Enter a second Servant.

2 Servant. May it please your honour, Lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Timon. I shall accept them fairly; let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?

170

3 Servant. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord
Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has
sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Timon. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flavius. [*Aside*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer;
Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,

To show him what a beggar his heart is,
 Being of no power to make his wishes good.
 His promises fly so beyond his state
 That what he speaks is all in debt ; he owes
 For every word. He is so kind that he now
 Pays interest for 't ; his land 's put to their books.
 Well, would I were gently put out of office
 Before I were forc'd out !
 Happier is he that has no friend to feed
 Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
 I bleed inwardly for my lord.

180

[Exit.

Timon. You do yourselves
 Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits.—
 Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

190

2 Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 Lord. O, he 's the very soul of bounty !

Timon. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
 Good words the other day of a bay courser
 I rode on ; it is yours, because you lik'd it.

2 Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Timon. You may take my word, my lord ; I know, no man
 Can justly praise but what he does affect.
 I weigh my friend's affection with mine own ;
 I 'll tell you true. I 'll call to you.

200

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Timon. I take all and your several visitations
 So kind to heart, 't is not enough to give ;
 Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
 And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
 Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich ;
 It comes in charity to thee : for all thy living
 Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
 Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcibiades. Ay, defil'd land, my lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound—

Timon. And so

210

Am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endear'd—

Timon. All to you.—Lights, more lights !

1 *Lord.* The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon !

Timon. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon.*

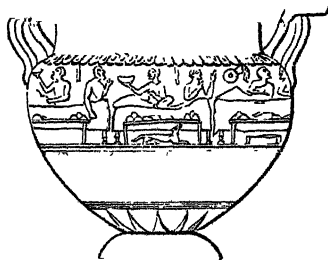
Apemantus. What a coil 's here !
Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums !
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship 's full of dregs :
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Timon. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen, I would be good to thee. 221

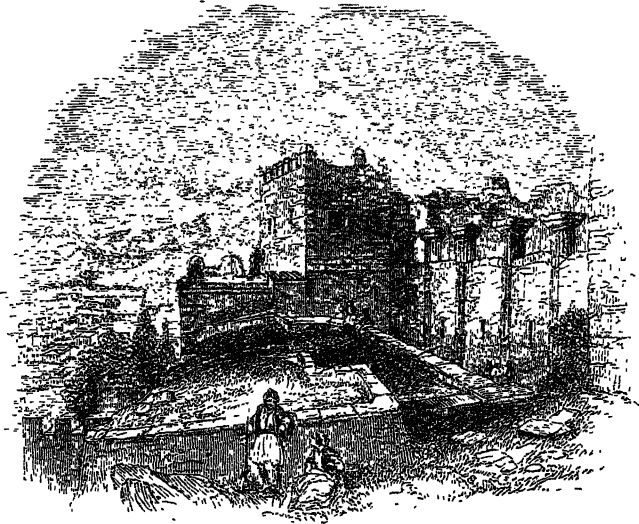
Apemantus. No, I 'll nothing ; for if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly. What need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories ?

Timon. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell ; and come with better music. [*Exit.*

Apemantus. So.
Thou wilt not hear me now ; thou shalt not then :
I 'll lock thy heaven from thee. 230
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery ! [*Exit.*



GREEK WINE-BOWL.



THE PROPYLÆA AT ATHENS.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Senator's House.*

Enter Senator, with papers in his hand.

Senator. And late, five thousand ; to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand, besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold ; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold.
If I would sell my horse and buy twenty mœ
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight,
And able horses. No porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold ; no reason

Can found his state in safety.—Caphis, ho !
Caphis, I say !

Enter CAPHIS.

Caphis. Here, sir ; what is your pleasure ?

Senator. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon ;
Importune him for my moneys. Be not ceas'd
With slight denial, nor then silenc'd when—
'Commend me to your master '—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus : but tell him,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn 20
Out of mine own ; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit. I love and honour him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone :
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand ; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing, 30
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caphis. I go, sir.

Senator. I go, sir !—Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caphis.

I will, sir.

Senator.

Go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flavius. No care, no stop ! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot ; takes no account
How things go from him, nor resumes no care

Of what is to continue: never mind
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
 What shall be done? he will not hear, till feel.
 I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
 Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caphis. Good even, Varro. What,
 You come for money?

Servant of Varro. Is 't not your business too? 10

Caphis. It is.—And yours too, Isidore?

Servant of Isidore. It is so.

Caphis. Would we were all discharg'd!

Servant of Varro. I fear it.

Caphis. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, etc.

Timon. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
 My Alcibiades.—With me? what is your will?

Caphis. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Timon. Dues! Whence are you?

Caphis. Of Athens here, my lord.

Timon. Go to my steward.

Caphis. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
 To the succession of new days this month. 20
 My master is awak'd by great occasion
 To call upon his own, and humbly prays you
 That with your other noble parts you'll suit
 In giving him his right.

Timon. Mine honest friend,
 I prithee, but repair to me next morning,

Caphis. Nay, good my lord,—

Timon. Contain thyself, good friend.

Servant of Varro. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Servant of Isidore. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment.

Caphis. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants—

Servant of Varro. 'T was due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks

30

And past.

Servant of Isidore. Your steward puts me off, my lord ;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Timon. Give me breath.—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on ;

I'll wait upon you instantly.— [*Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.*

[*To Flavius*] Come hither. Pray you,

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd

With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,

And the detention of long-since-due debts,

Against my honour ?

Flavius. Please you, gentlemen,

The time is unagreeable to this business.

40

Your importunacy cease till after dinner,

That I may make his lordship understand

Wherefore you are not paid.

Timon. Do so, my friends.—See them well entertain'd.

[*Exit.*

Flavius. Pray, draw near.

[*Exit.*

Enter APEMANTUS and Fool.

Caphis. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus ; let's ha' some sport with 'em.

Servant of Varro. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Servant of Isidore. A plague upon him, dog !

Servant of Varro. How dost, fool ?

50

Apemantus. Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

Servant of Varro. I speak not to thee.

Apemantus. No, 't is to thyself.—[*To the Fool*] Come away.

Servant of Isidore. There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apemantus. No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not on him yet.

Caphis. Where's the fool now ?

Apemantus. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Servants. What are we, Apemantus?

Apemantus. Asses.

60

All Servants. Why?

Apemantus. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Servants. Gramercies, good fool; how does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water, to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

Apemantus. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the Fool*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

71

Apemantus. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apemantus. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apemantus. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

80

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone. [*Exit.*]

Apemantus. E'en so thou outrunnest grace.—Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apemantus. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Servants. Ay; would they served us!

Apemantus. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

90

All Servants. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant; my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Servant of Varro. I could render one.

Apemantus. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Servant of Varro. What is a whoremaster, fool? 99

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'T is a spirit: sometime 't appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than 's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Servant of Varro. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man; as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apemantus. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Servants. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apemantus. Come with me, fool, come. 110

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher. [*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*

Flavius. Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Timon. You make me marvel. Wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means?

Flavius. You would not hear me,
At many leasures I propos'd.

Timon. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back,
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flavius. O my good lord,

At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close. I did endure
Not seldom nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
Though you hear now—too late!—yet now 's a time
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts. 130

Timon. Let all my land be sold.

Flavius. 'T is all engag'd, some forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues. The future comes apace;
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning? 140

Timon. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flavius. O my good lord, the world is but a word;
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Timon. You tell me true.

Flavius. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine, when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retired me to a wakeful couch,
And set mine eyes at flow. 150

Timon. Prithee, no more.

Flavius. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted ! Who is not Lord Timon's ?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's ?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon !
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made: 160
Feast-won, fast-lost ; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Timon. Come, sermon me no further.
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart ;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep ? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends ? Secure thy heart ;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use 169
As I can bid thee speak.

Flavius. Assurance bless your thoughts !

Timon. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings ; for by these
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes ; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there !—Flaminius !—Servilius !

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Servants. My lord ? my lord ?

Timon. I will dispatch you severally :—you to Lord Lucius ;—to Lord Lucullus you : I hunted with his honour to-day ;—you, to Sempronius. Commend me to their loves, and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money ; let the request be fifty talents. 182

Flaminius. As you have said, my lord.

Flavius. [*Aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus ? hum !

Timon. Go you, sir, to the senators—

Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have .
Deserv'd this hearing—bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flavius. I have been bold—
For that I knew it the most general way—
To them to use your signet and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

190

Timon. Is 't true? can 't be?

Flavius. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wretch—would all were well—'t is pity;—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.

200

Timon. You gods, reward them!—
Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 't is cold, it seldom flows;
'T is lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.—
[*To a Servant*] Go to Ventidius.—[*To Flavius*] Prithee, be
not sad,

Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee.—[*To Servant*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father, by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate. When he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity

210

Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents.—[*Exit Servant.*] [*To Flavius*] That
had, give 't these fellows

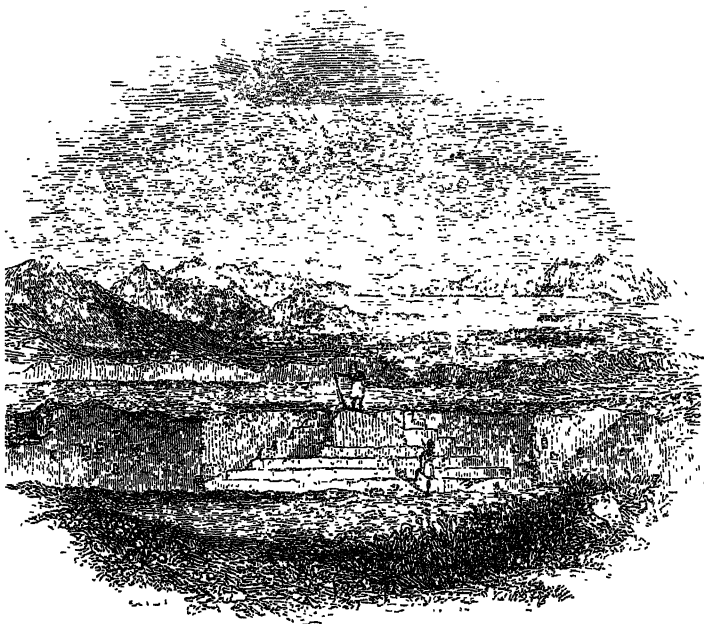
To whom 't is instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink. 220

Flavius. I would I could not think it: that thought is
bounty's foe;

Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*]



DIONYSUS (BACCHUS) AND LION (FROM THE MONUMENT OF LY SICRATES).



THE PNYX AT ATHENS.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in Lucullus's House.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting.* *Enter a Servant to him.*

Servant. I have told my lord of you ; he is coming down to you.

Flaminius. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Servant. Here 's my lord.

Lucullus. [*Aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right ; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night.—
Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very respectively welcome, sir.—

Fill me some wine.—[*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flaminius. His health is well, sir. 10

Lucullus. I am right glad that his health is well, sir; and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flaminius. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir, which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucullus. La, la, la, la! nothing doubting, says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 't is, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on 't, and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I ha' told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him from 't. 23

Re-enter Servant with wine.

Servant. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucullus. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here 's to thee.

Flaminius. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucullus. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—[*To Servant*] Get you gone, sirrah.—[*Exit Servant.*] Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord 's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here 's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not. Fare thee well. 36

Flaminius. Is 't possible the world should so much differ, And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee! [*Throwing the money back.*]

Lucullus. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.

[*Exit.*]

Flaminius. May these add to the number that may scald thee! Let molten coin be thy damnation, 42

Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
 Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
 It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
 I feel my master's passion! this slave,
 Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
 Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,
 When he is turn'd to poison?
 O, may diseases only work upon 't!
 And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature
 Which my lord paid for, be of any power
 To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!

50

[*Exit.*]SCENE II. *A Public Place.**Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.*

Lucius. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Stranger.* We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Lucius. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 *Stranger.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents, nay, urged extremely for 't and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

11

Lucius. How!

2 *Stranger.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

Lucius. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Servilius. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,—

[*To Lucius.*]

Lucius. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir.—Fare thee well; commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

23

Servilius. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Lucius. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Servilius. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Lucius. I know his lordship is but merry with me; 30
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Servilius. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Lucius. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Servilius. Upon my soul, 't is true, sir.

Lucius. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do,—the more beast, I say.—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Servilius. Yes, sir, I shall.

Lucius. I 'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit Servilius.*

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;
And he that's once denied will hardly speed.

51
[*Exit.*

1 *Stranger.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stranger.*

Ay, too well.

1 *Stranger.* Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse,
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,

But Timon's silver treads upon his lip ;
 And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man
 When he looks out in an ungrateful shape !—
 He does deny him, in respect of his,
 What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stranger.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stranger.*

For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life,
 Nor came any of his bounties over me,
 To mark me for his friend ; yet, I protest,
 For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
 And honourable carriage,
 Had his necessity made use of me,
 I would have put my wealth into donation,
 And the best half should have return'd to him,
 So much I love his heart : but, I perceive,
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense,
 For policy sits above conscience.

70

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in Sempronius's House.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON's.

Sempronius. Must he needs trouble me in 't,—hum !—'bove all
 others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus ;
 And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
 Whom he redeem'd from prison : all these
 Owe their estates unto him.

Servant.

My lord

They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for
 They have all denied him.

Sempronius.

How ! have they denied him ?

Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him ?

And does he send to me ? Three ? hum !

It shows but little love or judgment in him :

Must I be his last refuge ? His friends, like physicians,

Thrice give him over ; must I take the cure upon me ?

Has much disgrac'd me in 't ; I 'm angry at him,

That might have known my place. I see no sense for 't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first ;

For, in my conscience, I was the first man

70

That e'er received gift from him :
 And does he think so backwardly of me now,
 That I'll requite it last? No ;
 So I may plove an argument of laughter 20
 To the rest, and 'mongst lords be thought a fool.
 I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
 Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake ;
 I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
 And with their faint reply this answer join ;
 Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin. [Exit.

Servant. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil
 knew not what he did when he made man politic ; he crossed himself by
 't ; and I cannot think but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him
 clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul ! takes virtuous copies
 to be wicked, like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole realms
 on fire ; 32

Of such a nature is his politic love.
 This was my lord's best hope ; now all are fled,
 Save the gods only. Now his fiends are dead,
 Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
 Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
 Now to guard sure their master.
 And this is all a liberal course allows ;
 Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS,
 meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants of TIMON'S
 creditors, waiting his coming out.*

1 Servant of Varro. Well met ; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Titus. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hortensius.

Lucius !

What, do we meet together ?

Servant of Lucius. Ay, and I think
 One business does command us all ; for mine
 Is money.

Titus. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Servant of Lucius. And Sir Philotus too!

Philotus. God day at once.

Servant of Lucius. Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

Philotus. Labouring for nine.

Servant of Lucius. So much?

Philotus. Is not my lord seen yet?

Servant of Lucius. Not yet.

Philotus. I wonder on 't; he was wont to shine at seven. 10

Servant of Lucius. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him.

You must consider that a prodigal course

Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.

I fear 't is deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;

That is, one may reach deep enough and yet

Find little.

Philotus. I am of your fear for that.

Titus. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.

Your lord sends now for money.

Hortensius. Most true, he does.

Titus. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,

For which I wait for money. 20

Hortensius. It is against my heart.

Servant of Lucius. Mark, how strange it shows,

Timon in this should pay more than he owes;

And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,

And send for money for 'em.

Hortensius. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness.

I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,

And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

I *Servant of Varro.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns; what's yours?

Servant of Lucius. Five thousand mine.

I *Servant of Varro.* 'T is much deep: and it should seem by the sum, 30

Your master's confidence was above mine;

Else, surely, his had equal'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Titus. One of Lord Timon's men.

Servant of Lucius. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flaminius. No, indeed, he is not.

Titus. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

Flaminius. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent.

[*Exit.*]

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Servant of Lucius. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud; call him, call him.

40

Titus. Do you hear, sir?

2 Servant of Varro. By your leave, sir,—

Flavius. What do ye ask of me, my friends?

Titus. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flavius.

Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,

'T were sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?

Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts,

And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws.

50

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;

Let me pass quietly:

Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Servant of Lucius. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flavius. If 't will not serve, 't is not so base as you;

For you serve knaves.

[*Exit.*]

1 Servant of Varro. How! what does his cashiered worship mutter?

2 Servant of Varro. No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

61

Enter SERVILIUS.

Titus. O, here 's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Servilius. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from 't; for, take 't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him; he 's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Servant of Lucius. Many do keep their chambers are not sick; And, if it be so far beyond his health, Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts, And make a clear way to the gods.

Servilius. Good gods!

70

Titus. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flaminius. [*Within*] *Servilius*, help!—My lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Timon. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Servant of Lucius. Put in now, *Titus*.

Titus. My lord, here is my bill.

Servant of Lucius. Here 's mine.

80

Hortensius. And mine, my lord.

Both Servants of Varro. And ours, my lord.

Philotus. All our bills.

Timon. Knock me down with 'em; cleave me to the girdle.

Servant of Lucius. Alas, my lord,—

Timon. Cut my heart in sums.

Titus. Mine, fifty talents.

Timon. Tell out my blood.

Servant of Lucius. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Timon. Five thousand drops pays that.—What yours?—and yours?

1 *Servant of Varro.* My lord,—

91

2 *Servant of Varro.* My lord,—

Timon. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*

Hortensius. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money. These debts may well be called desperate ones, for a mad-man owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Timon. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves.
Creditors? devils!

Flavius. My dear lord,—

Timon. What if it should be so?

100

Flavius. My lord,—

Timon. I'll have it so. My steward!

Flavius. Here, my lord.

Timon. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius,—all.
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flavius. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Timon. Be 't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

110
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Senate-house.*

The Senate sitting.

1 *Senator.* My lord, you have my voice to it: the fault's
Bloody; 't is necessary he should die.
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Senator.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with Attendants.

Alcibiades. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 *Senator.* Now, captain?

Alcibiades. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into 't.

10

He is a man, setting his fate aside,
 Of comely virtues :
 Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—
 An honour in him which buys out his fault—
 But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
 Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
 He did oppose his foe ;
 And with such sober and unnoted passion
 He did behave his anger, ere 't was spent,
 As if he had but prov'd an argument.

20

I *Senator*. You undergo too strict a paradox,
 Striving to make an ugly deed look fair.
 Your words have took such pains as if they labour'd
 To bring manslaughter into form and set quarrelling
 Upon the head of valour, which indeed
 Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
 When sects and factions were newly born.
 He 's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
 His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
 And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
 To bring it into danger.
 If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
 What folly 't is to hazard life for ill !

30

Alcibiades. My lord,—

I *Senator*. You cannot make gross sins look clear ;
 To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcibiades. My lords then, under favour, pardon me,
 If I speak like a captain.

40

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
 And not endure all threats ? sleep upon 't,
 And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
 Without repugnancy ? If there be
 Such valour in the bearing, what make we
 Abroad ? why then, women are more valiant
 That stay at home, if bearing carry it,
 And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon
 Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
 If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
 As you are great, be pitifully good !
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood ?

50

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust ;
 But, in defence, by mercy, 't is most just.
 To be in anger is impiety ;
 But who is man that is not angry ?
 Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Senator*. You breathe in vain.

Alcibiades.

In vain ! his service done

At Lacedæmon and Byzantium
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.

60

1 *Senator*. What's that ?

Alcibiades.

I say, my lords, he has done fair service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies.
 How full of valour did he bear himself
 In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds !

2 *Senator*. He has made too much plenty with 'em ;
 He's a sworn rioter : he has a sin that often
 Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner.
 If there were no foes, that were enough
 To overcome him ; in that beastly fury
 He has been known to commit outrages
 And cherish factions. 'T is inferr'd to us,
 His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

70

1 *Senator*. He dies.

Alcibiades.

Hard fate ! he might have died in war.

My lords, if not for any parts in him—
 Though his right arm might purchase his own time
 And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you,
 Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both ;
 And, for I know your reverend ages love
 Security, I 'll pawn my victories, all
 My honours to you, upon his good returns.
 If by this crime he owes the law his life,
 Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore ;
 For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

80

1 *Senator*. We are for law : he dies ; urge it no more,
 On height of our displeasure. Friend or brother,
 He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcibiades. Must it be so ? it must not be. My lords,
 I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Senator*. How !

90

Alcibiades. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Senator.*

What!

Alcibiades. I cannot think but your age has forgot me ;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace.
My wounds ache at you.

1 *Senator.*

Do you dare our anger?

'T is in few words, but spacious in effect :

We banish thee for ever.

Alcibiades.

Banish me !

Banish your dotage ; banish usury,
'That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Senator.*

If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee, 100
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

Alcibiades. Now the gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you !
I 'm worse than mad ; I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money and let out
Their coin upon large interest, I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this ?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds ? Banishment ! 110
It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banish'd ;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I 'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'T is honour with most lands to be at odds ;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *A Banqueting-room in Timon's House.*

Music. *Tables set out : Servants attending. Enter divers
Lords, Senators, and others, at several doors.*

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but
try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered ;

I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear. 10

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord.* What of you?

2 *Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Heie he comes.

Enter TIMON and Attendants.

Timon. With all my heart, gentlemen both; and how fare you?

1 *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship. 21

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

Timon. [*Aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so haishly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to 't presently.

1 *Lord.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship that I returned you an empty messenger.

Timon. O, sir, let it not trouble you. 30

2 *Lord.* My noble lord,—

Timon. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

2 *Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Timon. Think not on 't, sir.

2 *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before—

Timon. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—[*The banquet brought in.*] Come, bring in all together.

- 2 *Lord*. All covered dishes ! 40
 1 *Lord*. Royal cheer, I warrant you.
 3 *Lord*. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.
 1 *Lord*. How do you? What's the news?
 3 *Lord*. Alcibiades is banished; hear you of it?
 1 and 2 *Lord*. Alcibiades banished!
 3 *Lord*. 'T is so, be sure of it.
 1 *Lord*. How? how?
 2 *Lord*. I pray you, upon what?
Timon. My worthy friends, will you draw near?
 3 *Lord*. I'll tell you more anon. Here 's a noble feast toward.
 2 *Lord*. This is the old man still. 50
 3 *Lord*. Will 't hold? will 't hold?
 2 *Lord*. It does; but time will—and so—
 3 *Lord*. I do conceive.

Timon. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress; your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place; sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.—

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised; but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains; if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.— 70

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Timon. May you a better feast never behold,

You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and lukewarm water
 Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
 Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,
 Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
 Your reeking villany. [*Throwing the water in their faces.*]

Live loathed and long,
 Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites, 80
 Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
 You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
 Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
 Of man and beast the infinite malady
 Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
 Soft! take thy physic first—thou too—and thou;—
 Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—

[*Pelts them with stones, and drives them out.*]
 What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
 Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
 Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be 90
 Of Timon man and all humanity! [*Exit.*]

Re-enter the Lords, Senators, etc.

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords!

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

3 *Lord.* Push! did you see my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

1 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him.
 He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my
 hat;—did you see my jewel?

3 *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

2 *Lord.* Here 't is. 100

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel 't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*]



THE WALLS OF ATHENS, RESTORED.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the Walls of Athens.*

Enter TIMON.

Timon. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,

And minister in their steads ! to general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity,
Do 't in your parents' eyes ! bankrupts, hold fast ;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats ! bound servants, steal ! 10
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed ;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel ! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains ! Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries, 20
And let confusion live ! Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke ! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners ! Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot ! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy ! Breath infect breath, 30
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison ! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town !
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans !
Timon will to the woods, where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all—
The Athenians both within and out that wall !
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low !
Amep. 40

[Exit.]

SCENE II. *Athens. A Room in Timon's House.**Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.*

1 *Servant.* Hear you, master steward, where 's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flavius. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 *Servant.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2 *Servant.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flavius. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 *Servant.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;
That see I by our faces: we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat; we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flavius. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I 'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let 's yet be fellows; let 's shake our heads, and say,
As 't were a knell unto our master's fortunes,

'We have seen better days.' Let each take some;
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more;
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Servants embrace, and part several ways.]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp and all that state compounds
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched,—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends, nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow and inquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

30

40

[Exit.]

SCENE III. *Woods and Cave, near the Sea-shore.*

Enter TIMON, from the cave.

Timon. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser; not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,

10

The beggar native honour.
 It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
 The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
 In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say 'This man 's a flatterer'? If one be,
 So are they all, for every guise of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below; the learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique;
 There 's nothing level in our cursed natures,
 But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd 20
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains;
 Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison!—What is here?
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
 I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!
 Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,
 Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.
 Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods? Why, this
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides, 31
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads;
 This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions, bless the accurs'd,
 Make the hoar leprosy ador'd, place thieves
 And give them title, knee, and approbation
 With senators on the bench: this is it
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
 She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices 40
 To the April day again.—Come, damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature.—[March afar off.] Ha! a drum?—
 Thou 'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee; thou'lt go, strong thief,
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.—
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [Keeping some gold.]

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner;*
 PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

Alcibiades. What art thou there? speak.

Timon. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
 For showing me again the eyes of man! 50

Alcibiades. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
 That art thyself a man?

Timon. I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind.
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
 That I might love thee something.

Alcibiades. I know thee well;
 But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Timon. I know thee too; and more than that I know thee,
 I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
 With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules.
 Religious canons, civil laws are cruel; 60
 Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
 Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
 For all her cherubin look.

Phrynia. Thy lips rot off!

Timon. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
 To thine own lips again.

Alcibiades. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Timon. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
 But then renew I could not, like the moon;
 There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcibiades. Noble Timon,
 What friendship may I do thee?

Timon. None, but to 70
 Maintain my opinion.

Alcibiades. What is it, Timon?

Timon. Promise me friendship, but perform none; if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alcibiades. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Timon. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcibiades. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Timon. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timandra. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world Voic'd so regardfully?

Timon. Art thou Timandra? 80

Timandra. Yes.

Timon. Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee; Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust. Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth To the tub-fast and the diet.

Timandra. Hang thee, monster!

Alcibiades. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.— I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, The want whereof doth daily make revolt 90 In my penurious band. I have heard, and griev'd, How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth, Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states, But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Timon. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcibiades. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Timon. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble? I had rather be alone.

Alcibiades. Why, fare thee well. Here is some gold for thee.

Timon. Keep it, I cannot eat it. 99

Alcibiades. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Timon. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcibiades. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Timon. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcibiades. Why me, Timon?

Timon. That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold; go on,—here's gold,—go on.
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air; let not thy sword skip one.
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard; 110
He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut, 120
And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes,
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers;
Make large confusion, and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcibiades. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou
giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

Timon. Dost thou or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon
thee! 130

Phrynia and Timandra. Give us some gold, good Timon;
hast thou more?

Timon. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,

And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
 Your aprons mountant; you are not oathable,—
 Although, I know, you 'll swear, terribly swear
 Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues
 The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
 I 'll trust to your conditions. Be whores still;
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up: 140
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 And be no turncoats. Yet may your pains, six months,
 Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs
 With burthens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
 No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
 Paint till a horse may mire upon your face.
 A pox of wrinkles!

Phrynia and Timandra. Well, more gold.—What then?
 Believe 't, that we 'll do any thing for gold.

Timon. Consumptions sow 150
 In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
 And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
 That he may never more false title plead,
 Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
 That scolds against the quality of flesh,
 And not believes himself: down with the nose,
 Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
 Of him that, his particular to foresee,
 Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
 And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war 160
 Derive some pain from you. Plague all,
 That your activity may defeat and quell
 The source of all erection.—There 's more gold;
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
 And ditches grave you all!

Phrynia and Timandra. More counsel with more money,
 bounteous Timon.

Timon. More whore, more mischief first ; I have given you earnest.

Alcibiades. Strike up the drum towards Athens!—Farewell, Timon.

If I thrive well, I 'll visit thee again.

Timon. If I hope well, I 'll never see thee more. 177

Alcibiades. I never did thee harm.

Timon. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcibiades. Call'st thou that harm?

Timon. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take Thy beagles with thee.

Alcibiades. We but offend him.—Strike!

[*Drum beats. Excunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Timandra.*]

Timon. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou, [*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue, 180
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conception womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears ;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above 190
Never presented!—O, a root,—dear thanks!—
Dry up thy marrowy vines, and plough-torn leas ;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!—

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? plague, plague!

Apemantus. I was directed hither; men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Timon. 'T is, then, because thou dost not keep a dog,
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee! 200

Apemantus. This is in thee a nature but infected,
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
By putting on the cunning of a carper.

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee, 210
And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears like tapsters that bid welcome
To knaves and all approachers: 't is most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

Timon. Were I like thee, I 'd throw away myself.

Apemantus. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thy-
self;

A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st 220
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip where thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite

Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature ; bid them flatter thee ;
O, thou shalt find—

Timon. A fool of thee. Depart.

Apemantus. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Timon. I hate thee worse.

Apemantus. Why?

Timon. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apemantus. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

Timon. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apemantus. To vex thee.

Timon. Always a villain's office or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in 't?

Apemantus. Ay.

Timon. What ! a knave too?

Apemantus. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well ; but thou
Dost it enforcedly : thou 'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before :
The one is filling still, never complete ;
The other, at high wish. Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Timon. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd ; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learn'd

The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men 260
At duty, more than I could frame employment,
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows,—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden ;
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate men ?
They never flatter'd thee ; what hast thou given ?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag, 270
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she beggar and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone !
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apemantus. Art thou proud yet ?

Timon. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apemantus. I, that I was

No prodigal.

Timon. I, that I am one now ;

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,

I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.

That the whole life of Athens were in this !

Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.* 280

Apemantus. Here ; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him a root.*

Timon. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apemantus. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of
thine.

Timon. 'T is not well mended so, it is but botch'd ;
If not, I would it were.

Apemantus. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Timon. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apemantus. Here is no use for gold.

Timon. The best and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm. 20

Apemantus. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

Timon. Under that 's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apemantus. Where my stomach finds meat, or, rather, where I eat it.

Timon. Would poison were obedient and knew my mind!

Apemantus. Where wouldst thou send it?

Timon. To sauce thy dishes.

Apemantus. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy guilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none; but art despised for the contrary. There 's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Timon. On what I hate I feed not. 301

Apemantus. Dost hate a medlar?

Timon. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apemantus. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrif that was beloved after his means?

Timon. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apemantus. Myself.

Timon. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apemantus. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers? 312

Timon. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apemantus. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Timon. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apemantus. Ay, Timon.

Timon. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to!

If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee ; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee ; if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accused by the ass ; if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf ; if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner ; wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury ; wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse ; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard ; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life : all thy safety were remotion and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast ? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation ! 332

Apemantus. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here ; the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Timon. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city ?

Apemantus. Yonder comes a poet and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee ! I will fear to catch it and give way. When I know not what else to do, I 'll see thee again. 340

Timon. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apemantus. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Timon. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon !

Apemantus. A plague on thee ! thou art too bad to curse.

Timon. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apemantus. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Timon. If I name thee.

I 'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apemantus. I would my tongue could rot them off ! 350

Timon. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog !

Choler does kill me that thou art alive ;

I swoon to see thee.

Apemantus. Would thou wouldst burst !

Timon.

Away,

Thou tedious rogue ! I am sorry I shall lose

A stone by thee.

[*Throws a stone at him.*]

Apemantus. Beast!

Timon. Slave!

Apemantus. Toad!

Timon. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought

But even the mere necessities upon 't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave:

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph, 360

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.—

[*To the gold*] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,

That solder'st close impossibilities,

And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts! 370

Think, thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire!

Apemantus. Would 't were so!

But not till I am dead. I'll say thou 'st gold;

Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Timon. Throng'd to!

Apemantus. Ay.

Timon. Thy back, I prithee.

Apemantus. Live, and love thy misery.

Timon. Long live so, and so die.—[*Exit Apemantus.*] I am quit.

Moe things like men! Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

1 *Bandit.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor frag-

ment, some slender ort of his remainder ; the mere want of gold, and the talling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy. 381

2 *Bandit.* It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Bandit.* Let us make the assay upon him : if he care not for 't, he will supply us easily ; if he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it ?

2 *Bandit.* True ; for he bears it not about him, 't is hid.

1 *Bandit.* Is not this he ?

Banditti. Where ?

2 *Bandit.* 'T is his description.

3 *Bandit.* He ; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon. 390

Timon. Now, thieves ?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Timon. Both too ; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Timon. Your greatest want is, you want much of men.

Why should you want ? Behold, the earth hath roots ;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs ;

The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips ;

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want ! why want ? 400

1 *Bandit.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes.

Timon. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes ;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con

That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not

In holier shapes ; for there is boundless theft

In limited professions. Rascal thieves,

Here 's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,

Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,

And so scape hanging. Trust not the physician ; 410

His antidotes are poison, and he slays

More than you rob. Take wealth and lives together ;

Do villany, do, since you protest to do 't,

Like workmen. I 'll example you with thievery :

The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea; the moon 's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
 'The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The moon into salt tears; the earth 's a thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen 420
 From general excrement: each thing 's a thief.
 'The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
 Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away,
 Rob one another. There 's more gold. Cut throats;
 All that you meet are thieves. 'To Athens go,
 Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
 But thieves do lose it. Steal no less for this
 I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er!
 Amen.

3 *Bandit.* Has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it. 431

1 *Bandit.* 'T is in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Bandit.* I 'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Bandit.* Let us first see peace in Athens; there is no time so miserable but a man may be true. [*Exeunt Banditti.*]

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flavius. O you gods!

Is yond despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
 Full of decay and failing? O monument
 And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
 What an alteration of honour 440
 Has desperate want made!
 What viler thing upon the earth than friends
 Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
 How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
 When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
 Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
 Those that would mischief me than those that do!
 Has caught me in his eye; I will present

My honest grief unto him, and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master !

450

Timon. Away ! what art thou ?

Flavius.

Have you forgot me, sir ?

Timon. Why dost ask that ? I have forgot all men ;
Then, if thou giant'st thou 'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

Flavius. An honest poor servant of yours.

Timon. Then I know thee not :
I never had honest man about me, I ; all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flavius. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

460

Timon. What, dost thou weep ? Come nearer. Then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping ;
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping !

Flavius. I beg of you to know me, good my lord ;
To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts
To entertain me as your steward still.

Timon. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable ?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.

470

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods ! I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not—but one ;
No more, I pray,—and he 's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind !
And thou redeem'st thyself ; but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

480

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise,
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service ;
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true —
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure—
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,

If not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

412

Flavius. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late.
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast ;
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is meely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living ; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I 'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

500

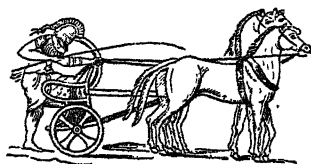
Timon. Look thee, 't is so !—Thou singly honest man.
Here, take ; the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy,
But thus condition'd : thou shalt build from men ;
Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar ; give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing. Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods !
And so farewell and thrive.

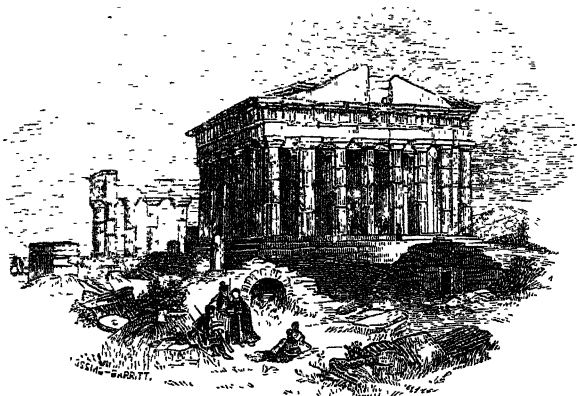
510

Flavius. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Timon. If thou hat'st curses,
Stay not ; fly, whilst thou art blest and free.
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exit Flavius.* *Timon retires to his cave.*





THE PARTHENON.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Woods. Before Timon's Cave.*

Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON watching them from his cave.

Painter. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

Painter. Certain; Alcibiades reports it. Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him; he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity; 't is said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Painter. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 't is not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his; it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

12

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Painter. Nothing at this time but my visitation ; only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent that 's coming toward him.

Painter. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time ; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act ; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable ; performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it. [*Timon comes from his cave, behind.*]

Timon. [*Aside*] Excellent workman ! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him. It must be a personating of himself ; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency. 29

Timon. [*Aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work ? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men ? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him.
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Painter. True ;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Timon. [*Aside*] I 'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple 41
Than where swine feed !—
'T is thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a slave :
To thee be worship ! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey !
Fit I meet them.

[*Coming forward.*]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon !

Painter. Our late noble master !

Timon. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men ?

Poet. Sir, 50
Having often of your open bounty tasted,

Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Timon. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better; 60
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Painter. He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Timon. Ay, you are honest men.

Painter. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Timon. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Timon. Ye're honest men. Ye've heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have; speak truth; ye're honest men. 70

Painter. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.

Timon. Good honest men!—Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Painter. So, so, my lord.

Timon. E'en so, sir, as I say.—And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault;
Marry, 't is not monstrous in you, neither wish I 80
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Timon. You 'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Timon. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Timon. There 's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Timon. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom ; yet remain assur'd
That he 's a made-up villain. 90

Painter. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Timon. Look you, I love you well ; I 'll give you gold,
Bid me these villains from your companies.
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I 'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let 's know them.

Timon. You that way and you this, but two in company ;
Each man apart, all single and alone, 100
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.—
If where thou art two villains shall not be,
Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence, pack ! there 's gold ; you came for gold, ye slaves !—
[*To Painter*] You have done work for me, there 's payment ;
hence !—

[*To Poet*] You are an alchemist, make gold of that.—
Out, rascal dogs !

[*Beats them out, and then retires to his cave.*]

Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators.

Flavius. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon ;

For he is set so only to himself
That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him.

1 *Senator.* Bring us to his cave ;
It is our part and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon.

2 *Senator.* At all times alike
Men are not still the same. 'T was time and griefs
That fram'd him thus ; time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flavius. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here ! Lord Timon ! Timon !
Look out, and speak to friends. The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee.
Speak to them, noble Timon.

TIMON comes from his cave.

Timon. Thou sun that comfort'st, burn !—Speak, and be
hang'd !
For each true word, a blister ! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking !

1 *Senator.* Worthy Timon,—

Timon. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

1 *Senator.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Timon. I thank them, and would send them back the
plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Senator.* O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens ; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 *Senator.*

They confess

Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of it own fail, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

140

Timon.

You witch me in it,

Surprise me to the very brink of tears.
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

150

1 *Senator.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority; so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 *Senator.*

And shakes his threatening sword

Against the walls of Athens.

1 *Senator.*

Therefore, Timon,—

160

Timon. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,

Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then let him know,—and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him,—that I care not, 170
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer. For myself,
There 's not a whittle in the unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flavius. Stay not, all 's in vain.

Timon. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend, 180
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1 Senator. We speak in vain.

Timon. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wrack,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 Senator. That 's well spoke.

Timon. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 Senator. These words become your lips as they pass
thorough them.

2 Senator. And enter in our ears like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Timon. Commend me to them, 190
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them;
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

1 *Senator*. I like this well ; he will return again.

Timon. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it ; tell my friends, 200
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself. I pray you, do my greeting.

Flavius. Trouble him no further ; thus you still shall find
him.

Timon. Come not to me again ; but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
Who once a day with his embossed froth 210
The turbulent surge shall cover. Thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by and language end ;
What is amiss plague and infection mend !
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain !
Sun, hide thy beams ! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Retires to his cave.*]

1 *Senator*. His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

2 *Senator*. Our hope in him is dead ; let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us 220
In our dear peril.

1 *Senator*. It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before the Walls of Athens.*

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

1 *Senator*. Thou hast painfully discover'd ; are his files
As full as thy report ?

Messenger. I have spoke the least ;

Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 *Senator*. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Messenger. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love had a particular force,
And made us speak like friends. This man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave, 10
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

1 *Senator*. Here come our brothers.

Enter the Senators from TIMON.

3 *Senator*. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust; in, and prepare.
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a rude Tomb seen.*

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Soldier. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span.
Some beast read this! there does not live a man.
Dead, sure, and this his grave. What's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An aged interpreter, though young in days.
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Before the Walls of Athens.**Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES with his powers.*

Alcibiades. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach.— [*A parley sounded.*]

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice ; till now myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Cries of itself 'No more ;' now breathless wrong 10
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Senator.* Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingrattitudes with loves
Above their quantity.

2 *Senator.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promis'd means. 20
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 *Senator.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs ; nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2 *Senator*. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread.
By decimation and a tithed death—
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes—take thou the destin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

30

1 *Senator*. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage;
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended. Like a shepherd,
Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

40

2 *Senator*. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

1 *Senator*. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope,
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

2 *Senator*. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

50

Alcibiades. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports.

Those enemies of Timon's and mine own
 Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof
 Fall, and no more ; and, to atone your fears
 With my more noble meaning, not a man
 Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
 Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
 But shall be render'd to your public laws
 At heaviest answer.

Both. 'T is most nobly spoken.

Alcibiades. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*]

Enter Soldier.

Soldier. My noble general, Timon is dead,
 Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea ;
 And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
 With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
 Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcibiades. [Reads] '*Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched
 soul bereft ;*'

Seek not my name. A plague consume you wicked caitiffs left !'

[*'Here lie I, Timon, who, alive, all living men did hate ;*

Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay not here thy gait.']

These well express in thee thy latter spirits.

Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,

Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit

Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye

On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead

Is noble Timon ; of whose memory

Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,

And I will use the olive with my sword,

Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make each

Prescribe to other as each other's leech.—

Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*]

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

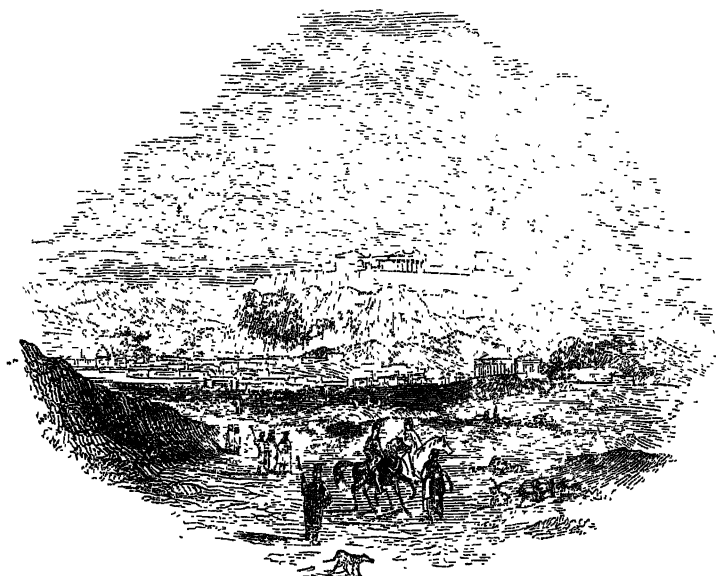
- Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
 A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
 A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
 B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
 B. J., Ben Jonson.
 Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
 Cf. (*confer*), compare.
 Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden-Clarke (London, n. d.).
 Coll., Collier (second edition).
 Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
 D., Dyce (second edition).
 H., Hudson ("Harvard" edition).
 Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
 Id. (*idem*), the same.
 K., Knight (second edition).
 Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
 Prol., Prologue.
 S., Shakespeare.
 Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
 Sr., Singer.
 St., Staunton.
 Theo., Theobald.
 V., Verplanck.
 W., R. Grant White.
 Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
 Warb., Warburton.
 Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
 Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed.

NOTES.



ATHENS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.—The following is the complete text of Paynter's "Novel" (see p. 14 above), as quoted by K. and others :

"Of the strange and beastly nature of Timon of Athens, enemy to mankind, with his death, burial, and epitaph.

"All the beasts of the world do apply themselves to other beasts of

their kind, Timon of Athens only excepted: of whose strange nature Plutarch is astonished, in the life of Marcus Antonius. Plato and Aristophanes do report his marvellous nature, because he was a man but by shape only, in qualities he was the capital enemy of mankind, which he confessed frankly utterly to abhor and hate. He dwelt alone in a little cabin in the fields not far from Athens, separated from all neighbours and company: he never went to the city, or to any other habitable place, except he was constrained: he could not abide any man's company and conversation: he was never seen to go to any man's house, nor yet would suffer them to come to him. At the same time there was in Athens another of like quality, called Apemantus, of the very same nature, different from the natural kind of man, and lodged likewise in the middle of the fields. On a day they two being alone together at dinner. Apemantus said unto him, 'O, Timon, what a pleasant feast is this! and what a merry company are we, being no more but thou and I!' 'Nay (quoth Timon), it would be a merry banquet indeed, if there were none here but myself.'

"Wherein he showed how like a beast (indeed) he was: for he could not abide any other man, being not able to suffer the company of him, which was of like nature. And if by chance he happened to go to Athens, it was only to speak with Alcibiades, who was then an excellent captain there, whereat many did marvel; and therefore Apemantus demanded of him, why he spake to no man, but to Alcibiades? 'I speak to him sometimes,' said Timon, 'because I know that by his occasion the Athenians shall receive great hurt and trouble.' Which words many times he told to Alcibiades himself. He had a garden adjoining to his house in the fields, wherein was a fig-tree, whereupon many desperate men ordinarily did hang themselves; in place whereof he proposed to set up a house, and therefore was forced to cut it down, for which cause he went to Athens, and in the market-place, he called the people about him, saying that he had news to tell them: when the people understood that he was about to make a discourse unto them, which was wont to speak to no man, they marvelled, and the citizens on every part of the city ran to hear him; to whom he said, that he proposed to cut down his fig-tree to build a house upon the place where it stood. 'Wherefore (quoth he) if there be any man among you all in this company that is disposed to hang himself, let him come betimes before it be cut down.' Having thus bestowed his charity among the people, he returned to his lodging, where he lived a certain time after without alteration of nature; and because that nature changed not in his life-time, he would not suffer that death should alter or vary the same: for like as he lived a beastly and churlish life, even so he required to have his funeral done after that manner. By his last will he ordained himself to be interred upon the sea-shore, that the waves and surges might beat and vex his dead carcase. Yea, and that if it were possible, his desire was to be buried in the depth of the sea; causing an epitaph to be made, wherein were described the qualities of his brutish life. Plutarch also reporteth another to be made by Callimachus, much like to that which Timon made himself, whose own soundeth to this effect in English verse:

'My wretched catife days,
 Expired now and past:
 My carien corpse interred here,
 Is fast in ground:
 In waltung waves of swel-
 Ling sea, by surges cast,
 My name if thou desire,
 The gods thee do confound.'

The passage referring to Timon in North's *Plutarch* (p. 14 above) is as follows (*Shakespeare's Plutarch*, edited by Skeat, p. 215):

"Antonius, he forsook the city [Alexandria] and company of his friends, and built him a house in the sea, by the ile of Pharos, upon certain forced mounts which he caused to be cast into the sea, and dwelt there, as a man that banished himself from all men's company: saying that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him, that was afore offered unto Timon; and that *for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man.* This Timon was a citizen of Athens, that lived about the war of Peloponnesus, as appeareth by Plato, and Aristophanes' comedies:* in the which they mocked him, calling him a viper, and malicious man unto mankind, to shun all other men's companies but the company of young Alcibiades, a bold and insolent youth, whom he would greatly feast, and make much of, and kissed him very gladly. Apemantus wondering at it, asked him the cause what he meant to make so much of that young man alone, and to hate all others: Timon answered him, 'I do it,' said he, 'because I know that one day he shall do great mischief unto the Athenians.' This Timon sometimes would have Apemantus in his company, because he was much like to his nature and conditions, and also followed him in manner of life. On a time when they solemnly celebrated the feast called Chœce at Athens (to wit, the feasts of the dead, where they made sprinklings and sacrifices for the dead), and that they two then feasted together by themselves, Apemantus said unto the other: 'O, here is a trim banquet, Timon.' Timon answered again, 'Yea,' said he, 'so thou wert not here.' It is reported of him also, that this Timon on a time (the people being assembled in the market-place about despatch of some affairs) got up into the pulpit for orations, where the orators commonly use to speak unto the people; and silence being made, every man listening to hear what he would say, because it was a wonder to see him in that place, at length he began to speak in this manner:—'My lords of Athens, I have a little yard at my house where there groweth a fig-tree, on the which many citizens have hanged themselves; and because I mean to make some building upon the place, I thought good to let you all understand it, that before the fig-tree be cut down, if any of you be desperate, you may there in time go

* Two passages are extant in the Comedies of Aristophanes in which Timon is mentioned: the 1549th of the *Birds*, in which Prometheus calls himself a Timon, a sort of god-misanthrope among the deities; and lines 805-820 of the *Lysistrata*, where his solitary, man-hating life is briefly depicted. Plato, the comic poet, was another contemporary. So also was Phrynichus, a fragment of whose, describing Timon's habits, is preserved by a grammarian (Clough).

hang yourselves.' He died in the city of Hales, and was buried upon the sea-side. Now it chanced so, that the sea getting in, it compassed his tomb round about, that no man could come to it; and upon the same was written this epitaph:

'Here lies a wretched coise, of wretched soul bereft:

Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked wretches left!'

"It is reported that Timon himself when he lived made this epitaph; for that which is commonly rehearsed was not his, but made by the poet Callimachus:

'Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate:

Pass by and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait.'

The following extract from the banquet-scene in the old MS. play of *Timon* (quoted by K.) will serve as a specimen of that composition:

Timon. O happy me, equal to Jove himself!

I going touch the stars Break out, O joy,

And smother not thyself within my breast!

So many friends, so many friends I see;

Not one hath falsified his faith to me

What if I am oppress'd with poverty?

And grief doth vex me? fortune left me poor?

All this is nothing they relieve my wants;

This one doth promise help, another gold,

A third a friendly welcome to his house,

And entertainment; each man acts his part;

All promise counsel and a faithful heart.

Gelasimus. Timon, thou art forgetful of thy feast.

Timon. Why do ye not fall to? I am at home.

I'll standing sup, or walking, if I please.—

Laches, bring here the antichokes with speed.—

Eutrapelus, Demeas, Hermogenes,

I'll drink this cup, a health to all your healths!

Laches. Convert it into poison, O ye gods!

Let it be ratsbane to them

[*Aside.*

Gelasimus. What, wilt thou have the leg or else the wing?

Eutrapelus. Carve ye that capon.

Demeas. I will cut him up

And make a beast of him

Philargurus. Timon, this health to thee.

Timon. I'll pledge you, sir.

These artichokes do no man's palate please.

Demeas. I love them well, by Jove!

Timon. Here, take them then!

[*Stones pointed like to them, and throws them at them.*

Nay, thou shalt have them, thou, and all of ye!

Ye wicked, base, perfidious rascals,

Think ye my hate's so soon extinguish'd?

TIMON beats HERMOGENES above all the rest.

Demeas. O my head!

Hermogenes. O my cheeks!

Philargurus. Is this a feast?

Gelasimus. Truly, a stony one.

Stilpo. Stones sublunary have the same matter with the heavenly.

Timon. If I Jove's horrid thunderbolt did hold

Within my hand, thus, thus would I dart it! [*He hits HERMOGENES.*

Hermogenes. Woe and alas, my brains are dashed out!

Gelasimus. Alas, alas, 't will never be my hap

To travel now to the antipodes!

Oh! that I had my Pegasus but here!

I'd fly away, by Jove! [*Exeunt all except TIMON and LACHES*

Timon Ye are a stony generation,
Or harder, if aught harder may be found;
Monsters of Scythia inhospitable,
Nay, very devils, hateful to the gods.
Laches Master, they are gone."

Laches is the faithful steward of this old play.

THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—These are given in the folio thus:

THE

ACTORS

NAMES.

<i>TYMON</i> of Athens.		<i>Flaminius</i> , one of <i>Tymons</i> Servants.
<i>Lucius</i> ,	And	<i>Servilius</i> , another.
<i>Lucullus</i> , two Flattering Lords.		<i>Caphis</i> .
<i>Appemantus</i> , a Churlish Philosopher.		<i>Varro</i> .
<i>Sempronius</i> another flattering Lord.		<i>Philo</i> .
<i>Alcibiades</i> , an Athenian Captaine.		<i>Titus</i> .
<i>Poet</i> .		<i>Lucius</i> .
<i>Painter</i> .		<i>Hortensius</i> .
<i>Jeweller</i> .		<i>Ventigius</i> , one of <i>Tymons</i> false Friends.
<i>Merchant</i> .		<i>Cupid</i> .
<i>Certaine Senatours</i> .		<i>Sempronius</i> .
<i>Certaine Maskers</i> .		<i>With diuers other Servants</i> ,
<i>Certaine Theeves</i> .		<i>And Attendants</i> .

Phrynia, *Timandra*, and others are omitted. It will be noted that *Varro* and *Lucius* occur among the names of the servants, and the latter has been retained by most of the editors. The Camb. editors remark: "In the play the servants address each other by the names of their respective masters: hence the confusion. Perhaps all the names assigned to the servants should be considered as names of their masters. *Hortensius*, for instance, has not a servile sound. *Flaminius* and *Servilius* may be regarded rather as gentlemen in waiting than menials." Walker suggests that *Caphis* should be *Cafys*.

In i. 2. 142, the Steward is called *Flavius*; but in ii. 2. 175, the folios make that the name of one of the servants whom Timon calls for when the Steward is already on the stage. The editors generally have given the name *Flavius* to the Steward, and have followed Rowe in substituting *Flaminius* in ii. 2. 175; but, as the latter is in Shakespeare's part of the play, while i. 2 is not, H. follows the folio in calling the servant *Flavius*, and designates the Steward by the name of his office, both in the text and the prefixes to speeches. It is to be noted, however, that in iii. 1 the servant who is repeatedly called *Flaminius* appears to be the same who is called *Flavius* in ii. 2. 175; and as the names might easily be confounded in the manuscript (especially if they were abbreviated, as was usual), it seems quite as likely that *Flavius* was misprinted there as that the confusion of names is to be ascribed to the writer who completed the play. It is true that the metre seems to favour the old reading of *Flavius*, but, as Abbott has shown (Gr. 469), S. often contracts or slurs polysyllabic proper names at the end of a line, and sometimes in the middle of a line.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—In the folios this is headed "*Actus Primus. Scæna Prima*;" but there is no other indication of act or scene throughout the play.

All the critics agree that this scene is nearly all Shakespeare's, and there could not well be any question about it.

1. *I am glad*. Fleay would add "to see," to fill out the measure.

3. *It wears, sir, as it grows*. That is, it wears away, or is wasted, as it grows older; a half-sportive expression. Crosby thinks it may mean "the world keeps on its usual course, or, as we say, 'holds its own,' as it grows older."

5. *Record*. S. accents the noun on either syllable, according to the measure. Gr. 490.

6. *Spirits*. Monosyllabic (= *sprites*); as very often.

7. *Conjur'd*. The accent in S. is independent of the meaning. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 164.

8. *Th' other's*. The folio has "th' others." Some editors print "t' other's."

10. *Breath'd*. "Inured by constant practice; so trained as not to be wearied. To breathe a horse is to exercise him for the course" (Johnson). Cf. *Ham.* p. 272, note on *Breathing time*.

11. *Continue*. Continual. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 4. 178: "continue time;" where the 1st quarto has "convenient." Steevens quotes Chapman, *Odyss.* iv.: "a continue yell;" and *Id.* x.: "one continue rock."

12. *He passes*. "That is, exceeds, goes beyond common bounds" (Steevens). Cf. *M. W.* p. 136. Fleay would read "passes praise."

15. *Touch the estimate*. "Come up to the price" (Johnson).

16. [*Reciting to himself*]. There is no stage-direction in the folio. H. and some other editors insert "[*Reading from his poem*]," but 20 seems rather to imply that the Poet is repeating his poem to himself.

What a thoroughly Shakespearian bit of verse it is!—too good for the sycophant in whose mouth it is put.

18. [*Looking at the jewel*]. Not in the folio; first inserted by Pope.

22. *Gum which oozes*. The folio has "Gowne, which vses." Pope read "gum, which issues;" and Johnson inserted *oozes*. Fleay suggests "glow which uses," and compares *Sonn.* 73. 9-12. In the next line he would read "Though the fire," etc.

26. *Chafes*. The folios have "chases" (with a long *s*); corrected by Theo. Johnson says: "This may mean that it expands itself notwithstanding all obstructions; but the images in the comparison are so ill sorted and the effect so obscurely expressed, that I cannot but think something omitted that connected the last sentence with the former." Steevens was inclined to retain "chases," making the sense: "having touched on one subject it flies off to another." Mason put a semicolon after *flies*, and paraphrased the passage thus: "Our gentle flame animates itself; it flies like a current; and every obstacle serves but to increase its force." Henley thinks that the "jumble of incongruous images" was "put into the mouth of the poetaster that the reader might

appreciate his talents." Schmidt suggests that perhaps we should read "chafes with," and compares *J. C. i. 2. 101*: "The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores." Clarke apparently takes *bounds* to be = leaps, and gives the meaning as "flows rapidly on at each bound that it chafingly makes." *Bound* clearly refers to the banks of the stream, against which the current *chafes*, but which do not impede its onward flow. Cf. *A. John*, ii. 1. 441:

"O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that *bound* them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling *bounds* shall you be, kings
To these two princes, if you marry them.

See also *Id.* iii. 1. 23 and v. 4. 55.

28. *Upon the heels of my presentment*. "As soon as my book has been presented to Lord Timon" (Johnson).

31. *This comes off well*. This is well done. The expression (cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 57 and *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 145) puzzled Johnson and Steevens; but it seems natural enough now, when we use *goes off well* in much the same way.

32. *How this grace*, etc. "How true to the life of the original is this graceful attitude!" (Clarke). This seems to us to be the clear meaning, but the passage has suffered much at the hands of the editors. Johnson thought it "obscure, and, however explained, not very forcible," the meaning being only "the gracefulness of this figure shows how it stands." He was inclined to read "speaks understanding." Steevens made it = "how the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it stands firm on its centre, or gives evidence in favour of its own fixure." Mason supposed the picture to be one of the *Graces*, and wanted to print "Grace" and to read "its" for *his*. H. thinks the meaning is, "How the graceful attitude of this figure expresses its firmness of character!" If the reference were to the expression of character, we should take it to be *graciousness* rather than "firmness;" especially if, as some suppose, the picture represented Timon as surrounded by the admiring recipients of his bounty. For *his* = *its*, see Gr. 228.

35. *To the dumbness*, etc. One might easily supply language to dumb gesture so eloquent. There seems to be an allusion to the *interpreter* in the puppet-shows of the time, whose office it was to explain the action. Cf. *Hum.* p. 228, note on *I could interpret*, etc.

For *might* the Var. of 1821 misprints "night."

39. *Artificial strife*. That is, art striving to outdo nature. Malone quotes *V. and A.* 291:

"Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should excel," etc.

Cf. also *R. of L.* 1374: "In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life;" and just below (1377): "The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife."

42. *Happy man!* The folios have "Happy men!" which Ritson, Clarke, and some others would retain; but the emendation of Theo. is clearly favoured by the context.

43. *Moe*. More; used only in the plural or collective sense. Cf. ii. 1. 7, ii. 2. 102, iv. 3. 378, 412, below. See also *A. Y. L.* p. 176.

46. *This beneath world*. Cf. "this under globe" in *Lear*, ii. 2. 170, etc.

48. *Halts not particularly*. "Does not stop at any single character" (Johnson).

49. *A wide sea of wax*. Unless this is intended to be an affected phrase, it is probably corrupt. The common explanation, that it refers to the ancient practice of writing on tablets covered with wax, seems a mere "trick of desperation;" and we prefer, on the whole, Dr. Ingleby's suggestion that it may be "an affected and pedantic mode of indicating a sea that widens with the flood"—the "waxing tide" of *T. A.* iii. 1. 95 (cf. *Cor.* ii. 2. 103). In *2 Hen. IV.* i. 2. 180, Falstaff puns on *wax* in the sense of growth; but we cannot agree with Dr. Ingleby that the pun "would be insufferable, not to say impossible, unless there were a substantive *wax*, meaning growth, on which to make the pun." It is enough for the fat knight that the substantive *wax* suggests *waxing* or "growth."

The Coll. MS. has "verse" for *wax*, and St. (according to Dr. Ingleby) conjectured "tax" (cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 164).

No level'd malice, etc. "To level is to aim, to point the shot at a mark. Shakespeare's meaning is, my poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or levelled at any single person; I fly like an eagle into the general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage" (Johnson).

52. *Tract*. Changed by Hanmer to "track;" but, as W. notes, the words were used interchangeably. Cf. *Sonn.* 7. 12: "his low tract" (the sun's course). In *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 66 and *Rich. III.* v. 3. 20, the folios have *tract*, the quartos *track*. The latter form does not occur in the folios.

53. *Unbolt*. Affectedly for *unfold* or *explain*.

55. *Creatures*. Changed by Hanmer to "natures."

59. *Properties*. Makes his property, appropriates. For the verb, cf. *T. N.* iv. 2. 99 and *K. John*, v. 2. 79.

60. *Glass-fac'd*. "That shows in his look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron" (Johnson).

61. *To Apemantus*. The Poet, seeing that Apemantus paid frequent visits to Timon, naturally concluded that he was as much of a courtier as the other guests (Ritson).

62. *Abhor himself*. Hanmer reads "make himself abhor'd;" to which the old text may be equivalent. In *Oth.* iv. 2. 162, "abhor me" is = fill me with abhorrence; and here the idea may be that Apemantus makes himself abhorrent to others instead of trying to please or flatter them.

67. *Rank'd with all deserts*. "Covered with ranks of all kinds of men" (Johnson).

69. *To propagate their states*. To advance their *estates*, or interests. For the interchangeable use of *state* and *estate*, see *M. of V.* p. 151.

73. *Present slaves*. Immediate slaves. The repetition is in Shakespeare's manner, but Walker conjectures "peasant slaves."

74. *Conceiv'd to scope*. "Properly imagined, appositely, to the purpose" (Johnson). H. follows Theo. in reading "to th' scope."

79. *In our condition.* In our art; that is, in painting. The passage may be = "would find a striking parallel in our state" (Schmidt).

83. *Sacrificial whisperings.* "Whisperings of officious servility, the *incense* of the worshipping parasite to the patron as to a god" (Wakefield); "worshipping protestations in awe-stricken whispers" (Clarke).

84. *Through him Drink the free air.* Breathe at his will only, or as if the free air were his gift.

89. *Slip.* The folios have "sit;" corrected by Rowe. The 1st folio has "hand" for *hands*.

92. *A thousand moral paintings,* etc. "S. seems to intend in this dialogue to express some competition between the two great arts of imitation. Whatever the poet declares himself to have shown, the painter thinks he could have shown better" (Johnson).

95. *Mean eyes.* The eyes of inferiors. Hamner (followed by H.) reads "men's eyes" (the conjecture of Theo.); but no change is called for.

96. *The foot above the head.* That is, the highest and the lowest changing places.

The stage-direction in the folio is "*Trumpets sound. Enter Lord Timon, addressing himself curteously to every Sutor.*"

99. *Strait.* Strict, exacting; as in *M. for M.* ii. 1. 9: "most strait in virtue," etc.

101. *Failing.* The 2d folio adds "to him," and Capell reads "failing him."

102. *Periods.* Puts a period to, ends; the only instance of the verb in S.

104. *Must need me.* "Cannot but want my assistance" (Malone). The 3d folio, followed by some editors, reads "most needs me."

110. *'T is not enough,* etc. Johnson remarks: "This thought is better expressed by Dr. Madden in his *Elegy on Archbishop Boulter*:

'More than they ask'd he gave; and deem'd it mean
Only to help the poor—to beg again.'

Steevens maliciously adds: "It has been said that Dr. Johnson was paid ten guineas by Dr. Madden for correcting this poem."

112. *Your honour.* According to Steevens, this was a common address to a lord in the poet's time, being used interchangeably with *your lordship*. Cf. iii. 2. 21, 24, etc.

123. *Which holds a trencher.* Who is a mere servant. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 477: "Holding a trencher," etc.

132. *Therefore he will be, Timon.* The folio omits the comma, which Theo. supplied. The verse is incomplete, and something may have been lost; but the editors have not been very happy in their attempts at emendation. Hamner reads "will obey Timon." Johnson conjectured "well be him" (=I wish him happiness); Theo. "he 'll be my son;" and Capell "he will be Timon's servant here." Seymour suggests "in this he will be honest, Timon;" and Sr. "he will be rewarded, Timon." H. adopts the conjecture of Sr., "will be Timon's," that is, "Timon's servant, or true to him." St. also suggests the following re-arrangement:

"Timon. The man is honest,
Therefore he will be—
Old Athenian. Timon,
His honesty rewards him," etc.

Coleridge explains the text thus: "The meaning of the first line the poet himself explains, or rather unfolds, in the second. 'The man is honest!'—'True; and for that very cause, and with no additional or extrinsic motive, he will be so. No man can be justly called honest, who is not so for honesty's sake, itself including its reward.' This seems to be as satisfactory as any interpretation that has been given. The fact that honesty is its own reward is evidently opposed to the man's hopes of winning the old Athenian's daughter. Claibe thinks that the meaning is, 'he will be honest enough to withdraw his suit, if you join with me to forbid him from resorting to my daughter.' It is a slight objection to making *Timon* vocative, that the old man elsewhere addresses him as *Lord Timon*, *most noble Timon*, etc. Possibly some adjective or title of respect has dropped out, with or without a part of the main sentence.

134. *Bear*. Bear off, win. Cf. *C. of E.* v. i. 8: "His word might bear my wealth at any time," etc.

137. *Levity's*. The reading of the 3d and 4th folios; the earlier ones have "levities."

152. *Never may*, etc. "Let me never henceforth consider any thing that I possess, but as *owed* or due to you: held for your service, and at your disposal" (Johnson).

162. *These pencill'd pictures*, etc. "Pictures have no hypocrisy; they are what they profess to be" (Johnson).

166. *Gentleman*. Some eds. follow Johnson in reading "gentlemen;" but *hand* shows that the singular is right. For the vocative use without an adjective, cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 257: "Gentleman, Wear this for me," etc.

168. *Under praise*. That is, in being praised so much; as the context shows. The jeweller takes it to be *underpraise*, which Steevens printed in 1773.

171. *Unclew me quite*. Quite undo me; like a ball of thread unwound.

174. *Prized by their masters*. "Are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held" (Johnson). For the use of *by*, cf. *Cor.* iii. 2. 53:

"Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction.
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you," etc.

See Gr. 145.

183. *When thou art Timon's dog*, etc. That is, till you become a dog, and these knaves become honest—a far-off *morrow* to wait for. Explanation seems hardly called for; but Haumer thought it necessary to read "When I am Timon's dog;" and Johnson interpreted the passage thus: "When thou hast gotten a better character, and instead of being Timon as thou art, shalt be changed to Timon's dog, and become more worthy kindness and salutation."

188-238. *You know me . . . confound thee!* Fleay, Furnivall, H., and others agree in assigning this passage to the writer who completed the play; as also 255-271 below.

197. *For the innocence*. It may be a question whether this is to be taken literally or ironically. Crosby suggests to us that "the cynic

means that the picture has *no spirit, no expression*; and dog-like he prefers it on that account."

208. *So thou apprehendest it*, etc. We have no doubt that *so* is here =if, provided that, as St. makes it. The editors generally put a semicolon after *apprehendest*.

212. *Not so well as plain-dealing*, etc. Steevens says: "Alluding to the proverb, 'Plain-dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars.'"

Doit. The smallest of coins, a common metaphor for a trifle. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 2. 33, *M. of V.* i. 3. 141, etc.

233. *That I had no angry wit to be a lord*. The reading of the folios, but pretty certainly corrupt. Blackstone conjectured "Angry that I had no wit,—to be a lord," or "Angry to be a lord,—that I had no wit;" and Malone "That I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!" Rann reads "Angry that I had no wit to be a lord;" Theo. "That I had so hungry a wit" etc. (the conjecture of Warb.); the Coll. MS. "That I had so hungry a wish," etc.; Sr. "That I had an empty wit," etc.; and H. "That I had so wanted wit," etc. Heath proposes "That I had so wrong'd my wit;" Mason, "That I had an angry wish;" and W. "That I had an angry fit," etc.

Clarke says: "As it stands, it appears to us to bear the interpretation, 'That, being a lord, I should have no angry wit,' no faculty for acrimonious satire,—such as Apemantus prides himself upon possessing. The sentence also includes the effect of 'that I had given up (Apemantus's) angry wit in order to be a lord.'" This is perhaps the best of the attempts to explain the text, but it seems rather forced. If we simply strike out *angry*, we doubtless get the real meaning of the passage. The adjective is almost certainly wrong, but it is difficult to replace it satisfactorily.

243. *Dine with me*. W. has "Dine with them;" apparently a misprint.

244. *And when dinner's done*. The 1st folio omits "and," which the 2d supplies. "The dinner's," and "our dinner's" have also been proposed. D. has "you, when."

245. *Sights*. The plural is used, as often, because more than one person is referred to. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 206.

247. *Aches*. A dissyllable; as in v. i. 192 below, and in *Temp.* i. 2. 370. The noun was pronounced *aitch*, but the verb *ake*, as it was usually written and printed. See *Temp.* p. 119.

Starve. Paralyze, destroy. The verb originally meant to die; and hence, transitively, to cause to die. The folio has "sterue" here; as in *M. of V.* iv. i. 38, *Cor.* iv. 2. 51, etc. See *M. of V.* p. 158.

249. *Strain*. Stock, race; as in *J. C.* v. i. 59: "the noblest of thy strain," etc.

Note the inverted "Darwinism" here—man degenerating into the baboon—and the scientific precision of *bred out* in expressing it.

252. *Hungerly*. Cf. *Olh.* iii. 4. 105: "They eat us hungerly;" and *T.* of *S.* iii. 2. 177: "his beard grew thin and hungerly."

253. *Depart*. Changed by Theo. to "do part;" but *depart* was often =part. In the Marriage Service "till death us do part" is a corruption

of "till death us depart." So *part* was sometimes = *depart*; as in iv. 2. 21 below.

258. *More accursed*. The folios have "most;" corrected by Hanmer.

269. *Unpeaceable*. Quarrelsome; not used by S.

275. *Meed*. Merit, desert; as in *Ham.* v. 2. 149: "in his meed he's unfollowed." See also 3 *Hen.* I. i. 1. 36 and iv. 8. 38.

278. *All use of quittance*. All ordinary requital. For *quittance* in this sense, cf. *Hen.* V. ii. 2. 34: "quittance of desert," etc.

280. *In fortunes*. Mr. P. A. Daniel suggests "In's fortune," and H. reads "In's fortunes."

281. *I'll keep you company*. Continued to 2 *Lord* in the folios; corrected by Capell.

SCENE II.—Nothing of Shakespeare is discernible in this scene. The editors have taken a deal of pains to mend the halting metre, but it is hardly worth the trouble.

12, 13. *If our betters*, etc. Warb. wished to give *Dare to imitate*, etc., to Apemantus, assuming that by *our betters* Timon means the gods, and that the cynic perversely takes it as referring to earthly potentates; but no change is called for. As Johnson (who would omit *If* and *at*) remarks, "the whole is a trite and obvious thought, uttered by Timon with a kind of affected modesty." Heath paraphrases it thus: "The faults of rich persons, and which contribute to the increase of riches, wear a plausible appearance, and as the world goes are thought fair; but they are faults notwithstanding."

22. *Hang'd it, have you not?* Malone sees an allusion to the proverbial expression, "Confess and be hanged."

28. *Ira furor brevis est*. Anger is a brief madness; a trite bit of Latin. Fleay says that quoting Latin is a mark of Tourneur's style. Cf. p. 13 above.

Ever angry. The folio has "verie angrie;" corrected by Rowe.

31. *Apperil*. Peril; a word not used by S. Malone could not find it in any dictionary, but Gifford quotes several instances of it from B. J.

H. reads "Let me not stay," on the ground that both sense and metre require it, and he refers to 25 above; but what Apemantus says is equivalent to "Let me stay, but remember that it is at your peril." "I come to observe," he adds, "but I give thee fair warning of it." He scorns to be made welcome, and is prepared to be thrust out of doors if need be; but he comes to stay and observe if Timon will allow it after he has bluntly declared his temper and purpose—and, being contemptuously tolerated, he *does* stay.

34. *I myself would have no power*. "I myself would have no power to make thee silent, but I wish thou wouldst let my meat make thee silent. Timon, like a polite landlord, disclaims *all power* over the meanest or most troublesome of his guests" (Tyrwhitt).

36. *I would choke me, for*, etc. "I could not swallow thy meat, for I could not pay for it with flattery" (Johnson). Being no flatterer, he cannot eat what is prepared solely for flatterers.

39. *Cheers them up too*. Warb. conjectures "to't" for *too*.

41. *Without knives.* It was the custom in the poet's time for every guest to bring his own knife (Ritson). If they had no knives they would eat less meat, and would be less likely to murder the host.

47. *My windpipe's dangerous notes.* "The notes of the windpipe seem to be only the indications which show where the windpipe is" (Johnson). As Steevens remarks, there seems to be a quibble on *windpipe* and *notes*.

48. *Harness.* That is, armour.

49. *In heart.* An abbreviated "health:" I drink to you *in heart*, or heartily.

53. *Sinner.* That is, a *cause* of sin. The Coll. MS. has "fire," and Keightley "liar," in order to make a rhyming couplet.

59. *Fond.* Foolish; as very often. Cf. iii. 5. 42 below.

66. *Rich men sin.* Farmer proposes "sing" for *sin*, and Sr. "dine."

67. *Dich.* A word found nowhere else, but assumed to be a corruption of *do it*. It is passing strange that all the editors and critics have let it alone, but the Camb. ed. records no attempt at emendation. We suspect that it is the one instance of the kind in all Shakespeare. Why may not the word be a misprint for *do it* or *do't*?

78. *For ever perfect.* "That is, arrived at the perfection of happiness" (Johnson).

81. *Why have you*, etc. "Why are you distinguished from thousands by that title of endearment, was there not a particular connection and intercourse of tenderness between you and me?" (Johnson). H. adopts Heath's conjecture of "why have you *not*," etc., explaining the passage thus: "Why do not thousands more give you the loving title of friends, but that my heart has a special privilege of your friendship?" Surely there is no need of emendation, when the text gives a clear and appropriate meaning as it stands. *From* often is = *from among*, and *apart from*, without a verb of motion. Cf. Gr. 158.

91. *O joy*, etc. "Timon, weeping with a kind of tender pleasure, cries out, 'O joy, e'en made away'—destroyed, turned to tears—'before it can be born'—before it can be fully possessed" (Johnson).

94. *Thou weep'st*, etc. The point of this is not quite clear. Johnson says: "The covert sense of Apemantus is, 'what thou lovest, they get.'" Heath explains it thus: "The words *Thou weep'st* do not only refer to the tears then actually shed, but to those future ones for which Timon was laying the foundation; . . . implying a prediction that the excess of drinking to which he was now encouraging his false friends would prove the source of tears to him flowing from real regret." Neither of these interpretations seems to us satisfactory. Perhaps the expression is nothing more than a cynical sneer at the incongruity of making his tears an occasion for their drinking.

96. *Like a babe.* Johnson says: "that is, a weeping babe;" but it seems to be merely a carrying out of Timon's metaphor, with possibly a reminiscence of the idea of "looking babies in the eyes." Steevens compares Heywood, *Love's Mistress*: "Joyed in his looks, look'd babies in his eyes;" *The Christian Turned Turk*, 1612: "She makes him sing songs to her, looks fortunes in his fists, and babies in his eyes," etc.

99. *Much!* Ironical, of course.

107. *Thee, worthy.* Changed by Hammer to "the worthy," on account of the third person in the next line; but the old text is decidedly better. Cupid, after addressing Timon directly, as he ought, turns to the company and adds, "and to all that are here tasting of his bounties."

110. *Th' ear,* etc. The folio gives the whole passage thus:

"*Cup.* Haile to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of his Bounties taste: the five best Sences acknowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentiful bosome.

There tast, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise:
They onely now come but to Feast thine eies."

Theo. emended and arranged it thus:

"Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*, and to all
That of his bounties taste! the five best Sences
Acknowledge thee then patron: and do come
Freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom:
Th' Ear, Taste, Touch, Smell, pleas'd from thy Table rise,
These only now come but to feast thine eyes"

He states that he owes the emendation to Warb. Capell altered "do come" to "aie come;" Steevens restored "They" for "These;" and Malone changed "pleas'd" to "all pleas'd." Rann arranged the lines as in the text, inserting the *and* after *touch*.

114. *Music, make their welcome.* Pope reads "Let music make;" and Capell, "Music, make known their welcome."

116. *Hey-day.* The early eds. have "Hoy-day." See *Rich. III.* p. 235. H. prints 116-123 as prose, and it certainly is very lame verse, like a good deal of the non-Shakespearian part of the play.

117. *They are mad women.* Steevens remarks that S. seems to have borrowed this idea from the puitanical writers of his own time. He cites Stubbes, *Anat. of Abuses*: "Dauncers thought to be mad men," etc. He adds that the thought may have been derived from Cicero, *Orat. pro Murena*: "Nemo enim fere saltat sobrius, nisi forte insanit."

118. *Like madness,* etc. "Just such madness is the glory of this life as the pomp of this feast appears when compared with the philosopher's frugal repast of a little oil and a few roots" (Clarke).

124. *Depraved . . . depraves.* The word is here = "detract, slander" (Schmidt); as in the only instance in which S. uses it. See *Much Ado*, p. 164.

126. *Of their friends' gift.* "That is, given them by their friends" (Johnson).

130. *Adoring of* in the stage-direction (which is from the folio) is = paying honour to.

133. *Lustre.* The later folios have "lively lustre."

136. *My lord, you take us,* etc. The folios give this speech to "1 Lord;" corrected by Steevens (the conjecture of Johnson and Heath). The mistake doubtless arose from the use of the abbreviation *L.* for both *Lord* and *Lady*.

137. *Hold taking.* That is, bear handling. Steevens quotes 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. i. 161: "A rotten case abides no handling."

139. *An idle banquet.* Cf. *R. and J.* i. 5. 124: "We have a trifling foolish banquet towards." *Banquet*, as there, is =dessert. See *R. and J.* p. 162.

147. *He'd be cross'd then.* There is a quibbling allusion to *cross*=coin, for which cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 158 (note on *Bear no cross*), 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 156 (on *To bear crosses*), or *L. L. L.* p. 133 (on *Crosses love not him*).

148. *Eyes behind.* "To see the miseries that are following her" (Johnson).

149. *For his mind.* "For nobleness of soul" (Johnson).

156. *Advance this jewel.* That is, raise it to honour by wearing it Cf. i. i. 175 above.

181. *State.* Estate. See on i. i. 69 above.

199. *Affect.* Have a liking or desire for.

201. *Call to you.* Changed by Pope to "Call on you." For *I'll tell you* Hanmer has "I tell you;" but D. cites other instances of *I'll tell you* from *Hen. V.* and *K. John*.

204, 205. *Give: Methinks.* Changed by Hanmer to "give My thanks," etc.

209. *Defiled.* Alcibiades plays upon the word *pitch'd*, which suggests *pitch* that doth *defile*, as Falstaff says (1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 455). Crosby thinks there may be also a play on *defiled* in the sense of marching in *defiles*, or ranks; and perhaps on "*defiles*=mountain-passes, valueless except to march through."

212. *All to you!* "All good wishes, or all happiness to you!" (Steevens). Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 92: "And all to all!"

214. *Coil.* Ado, "fuss." Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 168.

215. *Serving of becks.* Servile attention to *becks*, or nods.

216. *Legs.* "He plays upon the word *leg*, as it signifies a *limb*, and a *bow* or *act of obeisance*" (Johnson).

224. *In paper.* Apparently =in securities, or bonds. The meaning seems to be that Timon will exhaust his wealth by his gifts, and will have to give *paper* instead of gold, or get the gold by giving paper. Warb. conjectured "in proper," Hanmer reads "in perpetuum," and H. "in person."

230. *Thy heaven.* Johnson explained this as "the pleasure of being flattered;" but, as Mason remarks, it seems rather to mean "good advice, the only thing by which he could be saved."

ACT II.

SCENE I.—This scene is clearly Shakespeare's.

1. *And late five thousand*, etc. The pointing is that of the folios. Steevens has "five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore," etc.

7. *More.* The later folios have "more." See on i. i. 43 above. For twenty Pope reads "ten." Farmer conjectures "twain," and Sr. "two."

10. *And able horses.* The reading of the 1st and 2d folios; the later ones have "An able horse." Theo. has "Ten able horse," Hanmer

"Ten able horses," and the Coll. MS. "A stable o' horses." Malone conjectures "fools 'em."

No porter, etc. Johnson imagined that a line following this, and describing the behaviour of a surly porter, has been lost; but the *porter*, whose business is quite as much to keep out intruders as to admit those who have a right to enter, is contrasted with one who *smilingly invites all that pass by* to come in. H. adopts Staunton's conjecture of "grim porter."

13. *Found*. The folios have "sound," though some have believed the long *s* to be a worn or broken *f*. *Found* is Hanmer's reading, and is generally adopted. The meaning seems to be, as Johnson explains it: "Reason cannot find his fortune to have any *safe* or solid *foundation*." H. thinks that *sound* (= "declare") may be right. Coll. retains it, and takes the meaning to be "no reason can sound Timon's state, and find it in safety."

16. *Importune*. Regularly accented on the second syllable by S.

Ceas'd. Stopped, made to cease; the only instance of the passive in S.

18. *The cap*, etc. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 125: "as ready as a borrower's cap;" and see our ed. p. 164.

20. *Uses*. Occasions for use, necessities; as in iii. 2. 29 and v. i. 199 below.

22. *Fracted dates*. Broken dates; that is, broken promises to pay at a certain date. *Fracted* occurs again in *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 130 (Pistol's speech).

31. *Gull*. A play upon the senses of *unfledged bird* and *dupe*. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 60: "As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird;" and see our ed. p. 195. Boswell quotes Wilbraham, *Glossary of Words used in Cheshire*: "Gull, s. a naked gull; so are called all nestling birds in quite an unfledged state."

32. *Which*. Who; as often. Gr. 265.

34. *I go, sir!* Omitted by D., St., W., and H. Pope reads "Ay, go, sir."

35. *In compt*. "That is, for the better computation of the interest due" (Schmidt). The folios have "in. Come;" corrected by Theo.

SCENE II.—4. *Nor resumes no care*. And assumes no care, takes no care. Schmidt compares the use of *rebate* for *bate*, *redeliver* for *deliver*, *regreet* for *greet*, etc. H. follows the Coll. MS. in reading "no reserve, no care." Coll. has "no reserves." The folio has "resume" for *resumes*; corrected by Rowe.

5. *Never mind*, etc. The second infinitive seems to be used "indefinitely" (Gr. 356): never mind was made to be so unwise by being so kind. It may, however, be the other infinitive that is so used: "never was a mind formed to be so kind by being so unwise" (H.). The general meaning is clear enough, but the construction is ambiguous.

8. *Round*. Blunt, plain. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 3. 102: "I must be round with you," etc. See also *Hen. V.* p. 191; and for the adverb in a similar sense, *Ham.* p. 203.

9. *Varro*. The servants are addressed by the names of their masters. Cf. p. 133 above. *Good even* was used after noon, as *good morrow* before noon. See *R. and J.* p. 148, note on *Good-den*.

11. *Discharged.* Paid; as in *C. of E.* iv. i. 32: "I pray you, see him presently discharg'd," etc.

12. *I fear it.* That is, that we shall *not* be paid.

14. *We'll forth again.* That is, to the hunt. As Reed notes, it was the custom in the time of S. to hunt after dinner as well as before it. Laneham, in his *Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle*, mentions that Elizabeth, when the day was hot, "kept in till five a clock in the evening; what time it pleas'd her to ryde forth into the chase," etc.

23. *That with your other noble parts,* etc. "That you will behave on this occasion in a manner consistent with your other noble qualities" (Steevens).

37. *Date-broke.* The folios have "debt, broken;" corrected by Steevens. Pope has "debt, of broken," and Hammer simply "broken."

41. *Importunacy.* Accented on the third syllable, as in *T. G. of V.* iv. 2. 112, the only other instance of the word in S.

45. *Pray, draw near.* We have here very clearly an interpolation by the playwright who attempted to complete Shakespeare's work. He interrupts the natural course of the dialogue (which goes along smoothly if we "skip" to 113 below), in order to bring in this nonsensical talk of Apemantus with the Page and Fool. Johnson, not understanding this, suspected that some scene had been lost "in which the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan."

65. *Gramercies.* Literally, great thanks (Fr. *grand merci*). Hammer reads "gramercy" here; but the plural is used again in *T. of S.* i. i. 41, 168. Cf. *Rich.* III. p. 212.

66. *To scald such chickens.* There is an allusion to the treatment of certain diseases by sweating. Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 155, note on *Spital*.

67. *Corinth.* A cant name for a brothel, suggested by the ancient reputation of the Greek city.

69. *Mistress'.* Here, as in 94 below, the folios have "masters" or "master's;" corrected by Theo. The mistake probably arose from the use of the abbreviation *M* in the MS., this being employed indiscriminately for both *master* and *mistress*. In *M. of V.* v. i. 41, the folio has "Sola, did you see M. Lorenzo, & M. Lorenzo, sola, sola;" that is, as most editors give it, "Master Lorenzo and Mistress Lorenzo."

84. *To Lord Timon's.* But they are now in Timon's house. Possibly the blundering writer forgot this for the moment, or the passage may have been at first intended for insertion somewhere else. Clarke thinks the reference is to Timon's banqueting-room or presence-chamber.

92. *To his servant.* For *to*=for, see Gr. 189.

102. *Artificial one.* For the allusion to the philosopher's stone, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 355: "it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me."

121. *And that unwaptness made your minister,* etc. That is, made that disinclination serve as an excuse. The editor of the 2d folio, not seeing the construction, changed *your* to *you*."

125. *Found.* Here, as in ii. i. 13 above, the 1st folio misprints "sound;" corrected in the 2d folio.

127. *So much*. "He does not mean so great a sum, but a certain sum, as it might happen to be" (Malone).

132. *Lov'd lord*. The 2d folio has "deare lov'd lord," and some modern eds. read "dear-lov'd lord."

133. *Though you hear now—too late!—yet now's a time*, etc. "Though you now at last listen to my remonstrances, yet now your affairs are in such a state that the whole of your remaining fortune will scarce pay half your debts. You are therefore wise too late" (Malone). Hanmer reads "yet now's too late a time," and the Coll. MS. (followed by H.) "yet now's a time too late." The Camb. ed. points thus: "Though you hear now, too late!—yet, now's a time—" etc.

134. *Having*. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 2. 73: "The gentleman is of no having;" *T. N.* iii. 4. 379: "my having is not much," etc.

139. *At length*. At last; as often. Cf. *R. of L.* 1606, *C. of E.* i. 1. 89, 113, *Rich. II.* v. 5. 74, etc.

142. *The world is but a word*. "As the world itself may be comprised in a word, you might give it away in a breath" (Wab.).

145. *Husbandry*. Economy, good management. For *falsehood*, Seymour conjectures "truth," and the Camb. editors "of falsehood."

147. *Set me on the proof*. Put me to the test.

148. *Offices*. The parts of the mansion where food was prepared and kept. See *Rich. II.* p. 159.

149. *Feeders*. "Parasites" (Schmidt); as in *A. and C.* iii. 13. 109: "one that looks on feeders." Some make it =servants.

150. *Spillth*. Spilling, waste; used by S. only here.

152. *Wakeful couch*. The early eds. have "wastefull cocke," which the Camb. editors, D., W., and Clarke retain. The last thinks that "Flavius is referring to one of those taps of the wine-casks in the vaults he has mentioned, which, wastefully flowing with liquor, he has mournfully stood beside and let his tears flow in emulation." If this explanation is correct, we cannot help thinking that it would have been more to the steward's credit if he had stopped the spillth of wine before setting his eyes at flow. *Wakeful couch* was suggested by Swynfen Jervis, and the *wakeful* is favoured by the fact that in the compositor's "case" the type for *st* (one character in the old style) and for the *k* were in contiguous boxes, and in "distributing" type an *st* might sometimes get into the *k* box by mistake. As Dr. Ingleby (*Shakes. Hermeneutics*, p. 118) adds: "Not improbably *wakefull* in the 'copy' suggested *cock* to the mind of the workman instead of *couch*, by the power of association; the barn-cock being often called the wakeful bird, or the wakeful cock." For "wasteful cock," Pope substituted "lonely room," and the Coll. MS. has "wasteful nook." Daniel and Crosby propose "wakeful cot." St. conjectures "retir'd (me too a wasteful cock)," etc.

156. *Who is not Lord Timon's?* The folios omit *Lord*, which Steevens supplied. Pope reads "Who now," etc.

162. *Are couch'd*. That is, disappear "like butterflies," that "show not their mealy wings but to the summer" (*T. and C.* iii. 3. 79).

166. *Secure thy heart*. Reassure thyself, be confident. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 10: "I do not so secure me in the error" (I am not so confident), etc.

168. *Argument.* Contents; apparently suggested by the use of the word for an outline of the matter contained in a book. Cf. the introductory "argument" of the *R. of L.*

170. *Assurance bless your thoughts!* May your thoughts happily prove true!

171. *Crown'd.* "Dignified, adorned, made respectable" (Steevens).

172. *That.* So that. Gr. 283.

175. *Flaminius.* The folios have "*Flavius*," corrected by Rowe. See p. 133 above.

177-184. *You to Lord Lucullus . . . hum!* Fleay believes that this is not Shakespeare's; and that the next speech ("Go you, sir, to the Senators," etc.) is addressed to one of the servants. Furnivall gives good reasons for doubting this: "The Steward, in answer to this request, says that he has already asked the Senators; and he gives Timon their answer, that they will not lend the money. Timon, however, does not get angry about their refusal; he merely explains it and excuses it:

'These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 't is cold, it seldom flows.'

Thus the refusal of these old curmudgeons does not affect Timon, does not anger him at all. It is his own personal friends that he relies on, and whose refusal he thinks impossible. Again, if S. only sent to the Senators and Ventidius, he would have left, as the cause of the entire and terrible change in Timon's nature, nothing but the refusal of one false friend, Ventidius; and this, when the refusal is not given in the play, except by reference. I cannot believe that S. would make the ingratitude of one man the sole cause of Timon's entire change of character. This would not be motive enough; we *must* have refusal and ingratitude from more friends than one; and I therefore believe that S. wrote these few prose words ordering the servants to go to Lucius and Lucullus (and possibly to Sempronius), as well as the Steward to go, first to the Senators, and then—that having been already tried—to Ventidius. It is quite possible that the expander of the play put in the sentence, 'You to Sempronius' (the third friend), for S. has not introduced a third servant by name. But this is not certain, as the direction of the folio is '*Enter three Servants*,' and a fourth false friend, and a fourth refusal, help to strengthen the motive for Timon's change of character."

189. *Most general way.* That is, "*compendious*, the way to try many at a time" (Johnson); or perhaps simply "*ordinary, common*," as Schmidt makes it.

194. *At full.* At a low ebb (Steevens).

199. *Intendings.* Pretending; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 2. 35, *T. of S.* iv. 1. 206, etc. Johnson made it = "*regarding, turning their notice to other things*."

200. *Hard fractions.* "Broken hints, interrupted sentences, abrupt remarks" (Johnson).

201. *Half-caps.* Half-salutations. "A half-cap is a cap slightly moved, not put off" (Johnson). *Cold-moving*=coldly moving, or indicating coldness by the motion.

203. *Cheerly*. Cheerily, cheerfully. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 6. 14: "thou look-est cheerly," etc.

204. *Hereditary*. "By natural constitution" (Warb.).

210. *Ingeniously*. Ingenuously, from the heart; the only instance of the adverb in *S.* *Ingenious* and *ingenuous* are used indiscriminately in the early eds. See *T. of S.* p. 132. The 4th folio has "ingenuously."

216. *Good*. Substantial, real (Clarke).

222. *Free*. "Liberal" (Johnson).

ACT III.

SCENE I.—This entire act, except a portion of the last scene, is evidently the work of the expander of the play.

6. *Respectively*. Regardfully. Cf. *respective* in *M. of V.* v. i. 156: "You should have been respective, and have kept it;" and see our ed. p. 164.

22. *Honesty*. Liberality, generosity (Mason and Schmidt).

28. *Towardly*. "Ready to do or learn, docile, tractable" (Schmidt); not used by *S.*

35. *Solidares*. Steevens says: "I believe this coin is from the mint of the poet." It seems to have been suggested by the Italian *soldo*, which Florio defines as "a coine called a shilling, the pay due to soldiers and men of warre."

38. *And we alive that liv'd?* "And we who were alive then, alive now; as much as to say, *in so short a time*" (Warb.).

42. *Let molten coin*, etc. Steevens suggests that the allusion is to the punishment inflicted on M. Aquilius by Mithridates. He also quotes *The Shepherd's Calendar*, where Lazarus says that he saw in hell "a great number of wide cauldions and kettles, full of boyling lead and oyle, with other hot metals molten, in the which were plunged and dipped the covetous men and women, for to fulfill and replenish them of their insatiate covetise;" and the old ballad of *The Dead Man's Song*:

"And ladles full of melted gold
Were poured downe their throates."

46. *Passion*. Explained by Steevens and II. as "suffering;" but we are inclined to think, with Clarke, that the meaning is, "I feel what my master's emotion will be."

47. *Unto his honour*. Perhaps spoken ironically of the pretensions of Lucullus to be regarded as a man of honour. Pope reads "Unto this hour;" the Coll. MS. "unto his humour;" and D. "slander Unto his honour." St. conjectures "slave Unto dishonour."

51. *Nature*. Changed by Hanmer to "nurture." Daniel conjectures "of's nature."

53. *His hour*. Perhaps *his*=its, as often; or "of sickness" or "of suffering" may be understood, as Clarke suggests.

SCENE II.—3. *We know him for no less.* "That is, know him *by report* to be no less" (Johnson).

9. *So many.* Changed by Theo. to "fifty;" but, as Steevens remarks, the stranger might not know the exact sum. See also on 29 below.

18. *Had he mistook him,* etc. The meaning seems to be, as Mason explains it, had he made the mistake of applying to me, who am not under so great obligations to him.

29. *So many.* Here again Theo. reads "fifty," and the Coll. MS. "five hundred." Steevens thinks that the servant hands Lucius a note. But it must be confessed that money matters are a good deal "mixed" in the play. In ii. 2. 188 above, the *thousand talents* (equivalent to about a million and a quarter of dollars) seems a preposterous sum. Perhaps, as Fleay suggests, it should be *pieces* instead of *talents*. The three sums of *fifty talents* each which Timon afterwards tries to get from his friends would amount to more than \$180,000. *So many* may have been written here because the playwright was in doubt what sum to make it, and subsequently overlooked it.

In 31 just below *cannot want* doubtless means cannot lack for, and the *fifty-five hundred talents* is a random piece of exaggeration. If it means 5500 talents, the sum would be more than *six millions of dollars*. If we read "fifty—five hundred," the larger sum would be about \$600,000. Hanmer reads "fifty times five hundred," and the Coll. MS. "five hundred."

33. *Virtuous.* "Caused by his virtue" (Schmidt). Warb. thought it = "strong, forcible, pressing." Malone compares it with "good necessity" in ii. 2. 216 above, where he takes *good* to be = honest.

39. *For a little part.* A puzzling expression. Theo. reads "for a little dirt;" and Hanmer the same, with the omission of *for*. Heath conjectures "profit" for *part*, and Johnson "park." Mason proposes "port" = "show, or magnificence." H. adopts Jackson's conjecture, "and, for a little part, undo," etc. Schmidt makes a *little part* = a little. Steevens thinks the meaning may be: "By purchasing what brought me little honour, I have lost the more honourable opportunity of supplying the wants of my friend." This is perhaps the best that can be done with the text as it stands; but we suspect some corruption.

41. *To do—.* Capell reads "do 't;" but perhaps, as Clarke remarks, "Lucullus is speaking disjointedly, pouring forth his hollow pretences and sham excuses with half-expressed sentences in which he gets entangled."

55. *Spirit.* The folios have "sport;" corrected by Theo. The Coll. MS. has "port."

64. *In respect of his.* "What Lucius denies to Timon is, in proportion to what Lucius possesses, less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars" (Johnson). Crosby would change *his* to "this," and we are strongly tempted to adopt the emendation.

73. *I would have put my wealth,* etc. "I would have treated my wealth as if it had been Timon's gift, and would have sent him back the larger half" (Clarke). This was Steevens's interpretation at first, but he afterwards decided on the following, which is perhaps to be preferred: "The

best half of my wealth should have been the *reply* I would have made to Timon; I would have *answered* his requisition with the best half of what I am worth." For *returns*=answers, replies, see *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 121: "say thus the king returns," etc. Hanmer changes *donation* to "partition," and *return'd* to "attorn'd." Capell conjectures "remain'd with" for *return'd to*.

SCENE III.—4. *All these*. Pope adds "three" for the sake of the measure. Much ingenuity has been wasted by the editors in "correcting" the metre of these non-Shakespearian parts of the play. H., in a note on a preceding passage, justifies these bold alterations on the ground that, as the workmanship is not Shakespeare's, it "has not the sacredness that rightly belongs to his admitted text." To us this seems an excellent reason for letting it alone, except in obvious misprints and corruptions.

6. *Touch'd*. Tested, as with a *touchstone*. Cf. iv. 3. 370 below. See also *K. John*, p. 153, note on *Touch'd and tried*.

7. *How! have they denied him?* As a sample of the freedom with which the editors have "reconstructed" the halting measures of the old playwright, here is Hanmer's version of the present passage:

"How? deny'd him?
Have Lucius and Ventidius and Lucullus
Deny'd him all? and does he send to me?
It shews," etc.

Capell "fixes it up" thus:

"How! have they deny'd him?
Has Lucius, and Ventidius, and Lucullus,
Deny'd him, say you? and does he send to me?
Three? hum!
It shews," etc.

We do not care to fill our pages with these "modern improvements" of the anonymous original, which has a kind of interest from its very clumsiness.

12. *Thrice give him over*. The 1st folio has "Thriue, giue him ouer;" the 2d, "That thriu'd," etc. Pope reads "Three give him over?" and Hanmer "Tried give him over." *Thrice* was suggested by Johnson, and is adopted by K., Coll., St., W., H., and others.

14. *Sense*. Coll. conjectures "'scuse."

20. *So I may prove*. The 1st folio has "it" for *I*, which was suggested by St. The 2d folio (followed by many editors) inserts "*I*" before *'mongst* in the next line.

24. *Courage*. Heart, disposition. S. uses the word similarly in *Cor.* iii. 3. 92, iv. 1. 3, etc.

29. *Set him clear*. That is, baffle the devil, outdo him at his own weapons (Warb.). *Him* refers to *man*. Johnson and Mason make *crossed* = "exempted from evil;" and they assume that it is the devil who is to be *set clear* of the guilt of tempting man. Mason says: "Servilius means to say that the devil did not foresee the advantage that would arise to himself from thence, when he made man politic: he redeemed himself by

it, for men will, in the end, become so much more villanous than he is, that they will set him clear; he will appear innocent when compared with them." Steevens, after giving "the notes of all the commentators," says that he is "in the state of Dr. Warburton's devil—puzzled, instead of being *set clear* by them."

31. *Under*. Under the plea or pretence of.

34. *Best*. If this be the correct reading, it must be = that which he most depended on, if the others should fail. D. adopts Walker's conjecture of "last," which is extremely plausible.

35. *The gods only*. The early eds. have "only the gods;" probably an accidental transposition, as Pope regarded it. St. would point thus:

"now all are fled;
Save the gods only, now his friends are dead," etc.

36. *Wards*. Explained by H. as "keepers;" but it is probably = "bolts," as Schmidt gives it. Cf. *R. of L.* 303:

"The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward."

See also *Sonn.* 48. 4.

40. *Keep his house*. "That is, keep within doors for fear of duns" (Johnson).

SCENE IV.—9. *Seen yet*. That is, *to be seen*.

12. *Prodigal*. Changed by Theo. to "prodigal's."

13. *Like the sun's*. "That is, like him in blaze and splendor" (Johnson).

15. *One may reach deep enough*, etc. Steevens is inclined to "run the metaphor into the ground" after this fashion: "Still, perhaps, alluding to the effects of winter, during which some animals are obliged to seek their scanty provision through a depth of snow."

25. *This charge*. "This commission, this employment" (Johnson).

42. *By your leave, sir*. The folios assign this speech to "2. Varro," which was perhaps meant for *Both Servants of Varro*, as D. understands it.

43. *My friends*. The early eds. have "my friend;" but D. is probably right in changing it to the plural.

81. *And mine, my lord*. The folios give this to "1. Var.," corrected by Capell. Malone makes the prefix "*Hor. Serv.*" See p. 133 above.

84. *Knock me down with 'em*. A play upon *bills*, which also meant a weapon. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 143, note on *With bills on their necks*.

105. *Lucius, Lucullus*, etc. The 1st folio reads: "*Lucius, Lucullus*, and *Sempronius Vllorxa*: All," etc. The "*Vllorxa*" has been a stumbling-block to the critics, and various emendations have been proposed. Collier conjectures "all, look, sir," or "*Sempronius—Flav. Alack, sir*;" the Camb. editors, "all, sirrah, all," etc. The most plausible suggestion, in our opinion, is that of W. (which had occurred independently to Clarke) that *Vllorxa* is a misprint for *Ventidius*. The fact that it is in italics and begins with a capital renders it probable that it is the corruption of a proper name. On the whole, however, we prefer (with D., H.,

and others) to strike it out, as the verse is complete without it. The 2d folio drops it, but misprints "add *Semprovisus* : all."

SCENE V.—14. *His fate*. His hard destiny. Pope reads "his fault," and H. "this fault."

17. *An honour*. The folios have "And" for *an*; corrected by Johnson. Rowe transposed lines 16 and 17.

21. *Unnoted*. Perhaps = "imperceptible," as Malone and Schmidt explain it. It may, however, be one of the many instances of passive forms used actively (cf. Gr. 294), and = "undemonstrative" (Clarke).

22. *Behave*. Control, govern. The folios have "behoove;" corrected by Rowe. The Coll. MS. has "reprove." Sr. (2d ed.) adopts Jackson's conjecture of "behood." Crosby suggests to us that perhaps we should read and point thus :

"And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave, his anger was, ere spent,
As if he had but provid' an argument."

24. *Undergo*. Undertake, strive to maintain. Cf. *W. T.* p. 202.

32. *Breathe*. Utter, speak; as in 59 below. Cf. *Ham.* p. 199.

34. *Prefer his injuries to his heart*. That is, take them to heart.

36. *Enforce us kill*. For the omission of *to* with the infinitive, see Gr. 349.

46. *Make*. Do. See *A. Y. L.* p. 136, or *Ham.* p. 185.

47. *Abroad*. "In the field" (Johnson).

49. *Felon*. The folios have "fellow;" corrected by Johnson.

50. *Loaden*. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 37: "A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news," etc. It is used by S. oftener than *laden*.

54. *Gust*. We are inclined to think this is = taste, appetite, as Johnson and Clarke make it. Steevens and H. think that the metaphor is taken from a gust of wind. Cf. *T. N.* i. 3. 33: "the gust he hath in quarrelling," etc.

55. *By mercy*. Probably = by your leave, if you will pardon me. Johnson explains the passage thus: "I call Mercy herself to witness that defensive violence is just;" and Malone: "Homicide in our own defence, by a merciful and lenient interpretation of the laws, is considered as justifiable."

62. *He has*. The *he* was inserted by Capell; perhaps unnecessarily, as the ellipsis of the subject is not rare. Gr. 400.

72. *Infer'd*. Alleged. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 216.

78. *To his*. In addition to his. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 1. 52:

"And to that dauntless temper of his mind
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour."

See also Gr. 185.

79. *For I know*. Because I know. Gr. 151. Johnson says: "He charges them obliquely with being usurers."

87. *Another*. That is, "another blood than his own" (D.).

93. *Prove so base*. Be compelled so to debase or degrade myself. For the ellipsis of *as*, see Gr. 281.

101. *Attend.* Await, expect.

Swell our spirit. That is, swell it with anger, become yet more exasperated. Waib. reads "And (now to swell your spirit)," Capell, "And not to swell your spirit," and H., "And, to quell your spirit," suggested by the conjecture of Sr., "And, not to quell our spirit."

104. *Only in bone*, etc. If this is not corrupt, the meaning must be, "that you may live to be mere skeletons, and scare men from looking at you" (Clarke). St. conjectures "at home" or "in doors;" and Dr. Ingledby, "only in bed."

114. *Lay for hearts.* "Strive to entrap, to captivate hearts" (Schmidt), "endeavour to win popular affection" (Clarke). *Lay* may allude to laying traps (cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 10. 4: "all the country is laid for me"), or *lay for* may be used like the modern *lay one's self out for*. Baret has "To laie for a thing before it come; *præfendo*."

115. *'Tis honour*, etc. "That is, governments are in general so ill administered that there are very few whom it is not an honour to oppose" (Heath). Clarke thinks it may be only the general's way of saying, "the more war the more glory;" but Heath's explanation seems to suit the context better.

SCENE VI.—4. *Tiring.* Eagerly intent; or

"Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone"

(that is, seizes and ravenously tears it). See also *Cymb.* p. 195.

9. *Many my near occasions.* Cf. *A. and C.* i. 2. 189: "many our contriving friends," etc.

20. *With all my heart*, etc. It may be a question whether the Shakespearian part of the scene does not begin here, as H. believes, rather than at 71 below, as Fleay makes it. Certainly there are touches here and there that remind us of S. Perhaps we have a mixture of the two hands in this prose introduction to the banquet.

26. *Harshly o' the trumpet's sound.* The Var. of 1821 has "on" for *o'*, a reading which the Camb. ed. ascribes to "Sr. (ed. 1)." D. and H. adopt the conjecture of W.: "harshly. O, the trumpets sound;" but, as W. himself says, the folio contraction "*o' th'*" is against this reading.

38. *Your better remembrance.* "Your remembrance of better things than such a trifle" (Clarke); or your memory which might be better occupied. Cf. *Cor.* i. 3. 117: "she will but disease our better mirth" (that is, which would be better, or greater, without her company). Some make *better* = too good; the comparative being used as in a familiar Latin idiom.

50. *Toward.* Ready, at hand. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 68: "here 's some good pastime toward," etc.

59. *You great benefactors*, etc. This "grace" can hardly be Shakespeare's.

66. *Fees.* "Property" (Schmidt); or, perhaps, as Capell makes it, "those who are forfeit to your vengeance." Most editors adopt, as Hammer did, Warbuton's conjecture of "foes;" but the old text certainly gives a satisfactory sense. Crosby (in a private letter) says: "*Fees* is a

much more forcible as well as more appropriate word here. *All men* are not the *foes* of the gods; but all men, senators, as well as 'tag-rag and bobtail,' are the *foes* of the gods, inasmuch as they hold their lives and properties *in fee* from them."

67. *Lag*. The folios have "legge" or "leg;" corrected by Rowe. There is little choice between *lag* and "tag," which is a conjecture mentioned by Rann, and adopted by H.

76. *Is your perfection*. "Is the highest of your excellence" (Johnson); or "is your perfect image" (Clarke).

77. *With your flatteries*. The folios have "you with flatteries," which some have defended. Fleay, for instance, says: "An inferior author would not have thought of the flattery Timon had used to his false friends, but of their adulations to him, and would have written 'spangled with your flatteries.'" We cannot agree with him. There is no reason why Timon should speak with contempt of his bounty to them, and in no sense, literal or figurative, could he wash it off (and, if he could, how throw it in their faces as *their* "reeking villany?"); but he now sees and scorns the poor, superficial "flatteries" with which they have repaid his frank generosity, and would fain wash himself clean of the villanous adulation. It is a natural and forcible use of figurative language to symbolize this repudiation of their sycophancy by the water he throws in their faces. This is the fitting banquet to which he has invited them, and to which they have hastened, shamelessly prompt to renew the old flattery now that they suppose him rich, after having refused to help him when they thought him in need. The only feast he has spread for them is the wretched stuff with which they have bespattered him, now washed off and flung back with bitterest imprecations. This is very Shakespeare, and not the conception of any "inferior author."

82. *Time's flies*. "Flies of a season" (Johnson); or such summer-flies as are referred to in ii. 2. 162 above.

83. *Cap and knee slaves*. Cf. i *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 68: "The more and less came in with cap and knee;" *Cor.* ii. 1. 77: "ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs," etc.

Minute-jacks. According to Schmidt, *Jacks*, or contemptible fellows (see *Much Ado*, p. 164), who change their minds every minute; but it may refer, as commonly explained, to the *Jacks-of-the-clock*, or figures that struck the bell in old clocks. See *Rich. II.* p. 218.

84. *Of man and beast*, etc. "Every kind of disease incident to man and beast" (Johnson). For *infinite*, W. conjectures "infectious."

92. There is no stage-direction here in the folios, but the editors generally have adopted Rowe's "*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*" It is curious that they seem even to regard this addition by a modern editor as of more authority than the original text; for Steevens and others have been troubled by the mention of *stones* in 104 just below. In a note on that line, Steevens says: "As Timon has thrown nothing at his worthless guests except warm water and empty dishes, I am induced, with Mr. Malone, to believe that the more ancient drama [the MS. play mentioned above, pp. 14, 132] had been read by our author, and that he supposed he had introduced from it the 'painted stones' as part of his

banquet; though in reality he had omitted them. The present mention therefore of such missiles appears to want propriety." Many of the more recent editors have repeated this criticism without perceiving the "anachronism" in it. It strikes us that as the author (not S.) did not see the "propriety" of making his text conform to Rowe's stage-direction, it may be well to adapt the stage-direction to the text. We therefore give the one suggested by Walker.

Fleay, however, may be right in assuming that Timon throws only the water at his guests, and that the expander of the play added the reference to *stones* (suggested by the earlier play, which he had read, though S. probably had not) without noticing the incongruity. The repeated doses of *physic* in 86 may be additional dishes of water, and the *money* in the next line may be only a change of metaphor, not of missiles.

94. *Push*. An old form of *push*.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—This scene is Shakespeare's beyond a doubt.

6. *General filths*. Common prostitutes. For the personal use, cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 346, *Lear*, iv. 2. 39, *Oth.* v. 2. 231, etc.

7. *Convert*. Turn. For the intransitive use, cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 123; "Courtesy herself must convert to disdain;" and see also *R. of L.* 592, *Rich. II.* v. 1. 66, v. 3. 64, *Macb.* iv. 3. 229, etc.

12. *Pill*. Pillage, plunder; as in *Rich. III.* i. 3. 159: "In sharing that which you have pill'd from me," etc. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 177.

14. *Lin'd*. Padded, stuffed.

18. *Mysteries*. Professions, callings; as in iv. 3. 433 below. See also *Oth.* p. 199.

20. *Confounding contraries*. "Contrarieties whose nature it is to waste or destroy each other" (Steevens). For *confound* = ruin, destroy, see *Macb.* p. 189. Cf. 37 below.

21. *Let*. The folios have "yet;" corrected by Hanmer. Johnson defends "yet;" while, on the other hand, W. says that *let* is absolutely required. Crosby (in a private letter) says: "The old text gives a stronger, and better, and more comprehensive sense: 'And confusion be the only thing that survives,—that is *not* perverted or destroyed.' It is a very close question, but on the whole we incline to *let*."

25. *Liberty*. Libertinism; as in *M. for M.* i. 3. 29, i. 4. 62, etc.

32. *Merely*. Absolutely, altogether. See *Temp.* p. 111, note on *We are merely cheated*, etc. Cf. also iv. 3. 495 below.

33. *Detestable*. Accented on the first syllable, as regularly in S. See *R. and J.* p. 208, or Gr. 495. Hanmer, not understanding this, reads "town detestable."

34. *Multiplying bans*. "Accumulated curses" (Steevens).

36. *More kinder*. For double comparatives and superlatives in S., see Gr. II.

40. *Mankind*. Accented on the first syllable. Cf. *A. and C.* p. 204.

SCENE II.—7. *To take his fortune by the arm.* As Clarke notes, this is "one of those familiar—almost homely—images, that would very naturally present itself to a serving-man's mind, and is therefore so peculiarly characteristic."

9. *From our companion*, etc. Mason conjectured that *from* and *to* in the next line had been accidentally transposed, and H. transposes them accordingly; but we have no doubt that the text is correct, and it is quite like Shakespeare. *Turn our backs* is = turn away, and *familiar to his fortunes* = familiar with his fortunes. W. and Clarke also defend the old reading. Hammer and D. read *From our* and "from his."

13. *A dedicated beggar to the air.* That is, a beggar dedicated, or giving himself to, the air. For the transposition, see Gr. 419a.

19. *Leak'd.* Leaking, leaky; another example of passive forms used actively. Gr. 294.

20. *The dying deck.* "Just one of those expressions that enrapture a poetic mind, and disturb a prosaic one" (Clarke). It is thoroughly Shakespearean; yet Fleay assigned this part of the scene to the expander of the play until Furnivall pointed out the mistake he had made. See *Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* for 1874, p. 242.

21. *Part.* Depart; as often. See *M. of V.* p. 145.

Into this sea of air. Dr. Ingleby (*Sh. Hermeneutics*, p. 87) says: "The *sea of air* is that into which the soul, freighting his wretched bark the body, must at length take its flight. Cf. Drayton's *Battle of Agincourt*:"

'Now where both armies got upon that ground,
As on a stage, where they their strengths must try,
Whence from the width of many a gaping wound,
There's many a soul into the air must fly.'

30. *O, the fierce wretchedness*, etc. Here we clearly descend to an addition by the poetaster who filled out the play.

Fierce is used in an intensive sense (=excessive); as in *Hen. VIII.* i. 54: "fierce vanities" (not Shakespeare's).

33. *Or to live.* Changed by D. and H. to "or so live;" but the original text is in keeping with the grammar of the time. Gr. 350.

35. *All that.* The early eds. have "all what;" but W. is probably correct in regarding it as a misprint for *all that*.

38. *Blood.* "Disposition, temper" (Steevens and Schmidt). Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 127. Johnson conjectures "mood."

SCENE III.—No one can mistake Shakespeare's hand in the early part of this scene, or up to line 290, and also in lines 343-429. In the remainder of it we appear to have the work of the expander of the play, though some passages may be a mixture of the two styles.

2. *Rotten.* "Unwholesome" (Schmidt), or *causing rot*; as in *R. of L.* 778:

"With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breath make sick
The life of purity," etc.

5. *Divident.* Divided, separate; the only instance of the word in S. We find *dividable* in the same sense in *T. and C.* i. 3. 105: "dividable shores." Cf. Gr. 3.

6. *Not nature.* Pope reads "not even nature," and Capell "not his nature." Steevens conjectures "not those natures." Johnson explains the passage thus: "Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother; for this is the general depravity of human nature, which, besieged as it is by misery, admonished as it is of want and imperfection, when elevated by fortune will despise beings of nature like its own." Mason puts it better thus: "Not even beings reduced to the utmost extremity of wretchedness can bear good fortune without contemning their fellow-creatures." He wanted to change *nature* to "natures;" but of course the meaning is the same whether we say "beings" or *human nature* "reduced to the utmost extremity of wretchedness." Perhaps to whom all sores lay siege is rather = "liable to the assaults of every misfortune," as Clarke gives it.

9. *Deny't.* This has been changed to *denude, degrade, deprive, devote, decline* (Coll. MS.), *demit, defect*, etc.; but S. sometimes uses it with reference to an antecedent implied but not expressed in what precedes. Here it refers to the *elevation* implied in *raise*: give elevation to this beggar, and deny it to (or take it away from) that lord. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 23: "Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too;" that is, keep the *promise* implied in the preceding clause. Other pronouns are sometimes used in a similar way. Malone quotes *Oth.* iii. 4. 64:

"And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her;"

where *her* of course refers to the *wife* implied in *wive*. D., W., and the Camb. editors retain *deny't*.

12. *Rother's.* Ox's. The folio has "Brothers," for which "beggar's," "wether's," etc. had been conjectured before Sr. suggested *rother's*, an old term applied to horned beasts. Golding, in his *Ovid*, has "Herds of rother beasts;" and Holloway, in his *Dict. of Provincialisms*, mentions a market in Stratford-on-Avon called "the rother market." The word must therefore have been familiar to S. from his boyhood, though this is the only instance in which he has used it in his works.

13. *Lean.* The 1st folio misprints "leauë:" corrected in the 2d.

16. *Grise.* Literally, step, or degree; not elsewhere used personally. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 200: "as a grise or step," etc. See our ed. p. 165.

17. *Smooth'd.* Flattered; as in *Rich. III.* i. 3. 48: "Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog," etc.

20. *Direct.* Accented on the first syllable (as in *Oth.* i. 2. 86) because followed by a noun so accented. Cf. *Cor.* p. 255 (on *Divine*), or *Cymb.* p. 174 (on *Supreme*), etc. See also Schmidt, pp. 1413-1415.

22. *Semblable.* Like. The Var. of 1821 has "semblance;" not noted in Camb. ed. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 124: "his semblable is his mirror," etc.

23. *Fang.* Seize with its fangs; the only instance of the verb in S.

25. *Operant.* Operative, active; used again in *Ham.* iii. 2. 184: "My operant powers their functions leave to do."

27. *No idle votarist.* "No insincere or inconstant supplicant. *Gold* will not serve me instead of roots" (Johnson). For *idle*, cf. *Ham.* p. 224.

Clear. Pure, immaculate; or perhaps = glorious (Latin *clarus*), as some make it. Cf. *Lea.* iv. 6. 73: "the clearest gods," etc.

32. *Pluck stout men's pillows*, etc. "That is, men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their distemper. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies, to make their departure the easier. But the Oxford editor [Hanmer], supposing *stout* to signify *healthy*, alters it to *sick*, and thus he calls emending" (Warb.). H. adopts "sick." Coll., K., D., W., Clarke, and the Camb. editors retain *stout*.

37. *This is it*. Some read "this it is."

38. *Wappen'd*. Probably = worn-out. The word has not been found elsewhere, though Stevens cites an instance of *wappening* from *The Roaring Girl*, 1611. *Unwappened* occurs in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, and it is a matter of dispute whether we should read *unwappened* there, or *wapper'd* here, as Coll. and H. do. Hanmer has "waped" (the conjecture of Warb.); Johnson suggests "wained," Stevens "weeping," and Seymour "vapid." Fleay reads "wop-eyed," and quotes an old *Latin Dict.* (Littleton's?), 1670: "*Lippus*, that hath dropping waterish eyes; wop-eyed, whose eyes run with water." *Wed* is here the participle (= *wedded*); as in *C. of E.* i. 1. 37, *T. of S.* i. 2. 263, etc. Mason conjectures "woo'd" for *wed*.

39. *Spital-house*. Like *spital* (*Hen. V.* ii. 1. 78, v. 1. 86), used for *hospital* only in contempt. Crosby thinks we should print "spittle-house," and cites a note of Gifford's in his ed. of Massinger (1813), vol. iv. p. 53: "Our old writers carefully distinguish between the two words: with them a *hospital* or *spital* signified a charitable institution for the advantage of the poor, infirm, and aged persons, an almshouse, in short; while *spittles* were mere lazaret-houses, receptacles for wretches in the leprosy, and other loathsome diseases, the consequences of debauchery and vice." Cf. B. and F., *Nice Valour*, iv. 1:

"The very vomit, Sirs, of hospitals,
Bridewells, and spittle-houses."

Spittle, however, is probably only a different spelling of *spital*.

40. *Cast the gorge*. Be nauseated. Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 207: "my gorge rises at it;" *Oth.* ii. 1. 236: "begin to heave the gorge," etc.

This embalm and spices, etc. "That is, gold restores her to all the freshness and sweetness of youth" (Tollet). Cf. *Sonn.* 3. 10:

"Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime."

44. *Do thy right nature*. "Lie in the earth where nature laid thee" (Johnson). *Quick*=living; that is, having all the power of gold.

53. *Misanthropos*. Probably suggested, as Malone remarks, by the marginal note in North's *Plutarch*: "Antonius followeth the life and example of Timon Misanthropos, the Athenian."

55. *Something*. Somewhat; as often. Gr. 68.

56. *Strange*. That is, a stranger. Mr. P. A. Daniel remarks: "Alciabiades's discourse with Timon is somewhat singular. At first he does not recognize his friend. Then, without being informed who he is, he declares:

"I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange."

A little later he asks: 'How came the noble Timon to this change?' A few lines further on he says: 'I have heard in some sort of thy miseries; and again:

'I have heard, and griev'd,
How curs'd Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds,' etc."

If S. had finished the play, these inconsistencies would perhaps have been removed.

58. *I not desire*. A common transposition of *not*. Gr. 305.

59. *Gules*. The heraldic term for red; found again in *Ham.* ii. 2. 479: "Now is he total gules."

63. *Cherubin*. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 152:

"O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me;"

M. of V. v. i. 62: "Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins," etc. *Cherub* occurs only in *Ham.* iv. 3. 50.

64. *Then the rot returns*, etc. That is, I shall not take the infection from thy lips.

72. *If thou wilt not promise*, etc. "That is, however thou mayst act, since thou art a man, hated man, I wish thee evil" (Johnson).

79. *Minion*. Favourite (Fr. *mignon*). See *Mach.* p. 153, or *Temp.* p. 136.

80. *Vou'd*. For the verb, cf. *Cor.* ii. 3. 242: "To voice him consul."

82, 83. W. reads thus:

"Be a whore still! They love thee not that use thee:
Leaving with thee their lust. Give them diseases;"

but the old reading seems to us more forcible and bitter: Give them diseases, the fit return for their lust left with thee.

84. *Salt*. Lustful, wanton. Cf. *Oth.* p. 175.

85. *For tubs and baths*. See on ii. 2. 66 above. *Tub-fast* (the folios have "Fubfast;" corrected by Theo. at the suggestion of Warb.) in the next line refers to the abstinence which was required during the treatment.

94. *Trod*. Hanmer reads "had trod;" but the "sequence of tenses" was not always observed in the grammar of the time. Cf. Gr. 370.

100. *On a heap*. Cf. *T. A.* ii. 3. 223: "All on a heap;" *Hen. V.* v. 2. 39: "And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps," etc.

105. *Conquer my*. Hanmer reads "make conquest of my," and Capell "Conquer thy own." H. adopts Walker's conjecture of "scourge my."

107. *Be as a planetary plague*, etc. "This is wonderfully sublime and picturesque" (Warb.). Malone compares *Rich. II.* i. 3. 284: "Devouring pestilence hangs in our air."

115. *Window-bars*. The folios have "window barne" or "window barn;" corrected by Steevens (the conjecture of Johnson). The reference is to the cross-bar lacing of the bodice, which resembles lattice-work. In the time of S. this was sometimes worn with no stomacher under it. Theo. reads "window-lawn" (suggested by Warb.), and Tyrwhitt conjectures "widow's barb."

120. *Doubtfully*. Alluding to the ambiguous wording of the oracular responses. Here there may be a reference to the story of Œdipus.

121. *Sans*. Without. The word had become quite Anglicized. See *A. V. L.* p. 163.

Remorse=pity; the most common meaning in *S.* Cf. *Mach.* p. 171.

Objects. That is, "objects of charity and compassion" (Johnson). Coll. adopts Faimer's conjecture of "abjects."

123. *Proof*. A technical term for the resisting power of armour. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 3. 73: "Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;" and see our ed. p. 162.

132. *Enough to make*, etc. "That is, enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores" (Johnson). This is pretty certainly the meaning, but some of the editors have thought it necessary to "emend" the passage. Theo. adopts the conjecture of Warb.: "to make whole a bawd;" Pope reads "make whore a bawd;" Hanmer, "make whores abundant;" and the Coll. MS. "make whores abhorr'd."

135. *Although, I know, you'll swear*, etc. Steevens compares *A. and C.* i. 3. 28: "Though you in swearing shake the throned gods;" and *W. T.* i. 2. 48: "Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths."

138. *I'll trust to your conditions*. "I will trust to your inclinations" (Johnson). Cf. *Cor.* v. 4. 10: "Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?" that is, his disposition. Mason makes *conditions*=vocations, which may be right.

143. *Thatch your poor thin roofs*, etc. That is, put on false hair when you have lost your own. *S.* had a special antipathy to this practice. See *M. of V.* p. 149.

152. *Spurring*. Changed by Hanmer to "sparring." Steevens remarks: "*spurring* is certainly right; the disease that enfeebled their *shins* would have this effect."

154. *Quillets*. Subtle distinctions. Cf. *1 Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 17: "these nice sharp quillets of the law," etc.

Hoar the flamen. Make the priest hoary with leprosy. Cf. 35 above. Upton conjectures "hoarse" for *hoar*.

158. *That his particular*, etc. "That is, to provide for his private advantage, for which he leaves the right scent of public good" (Johnson).

165. *Grave*. For the verb in this sense, cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 140: "grav'd in the hollow ground."

181. *Eyeless venom'd worm*. The *blindworm* of *Mach.* iv. 1. 16, whose *sting* is an ingredient of the witches' cauldron. See our ed. p. 228.

182. *Crisp*. Whether this epithet is suggested by the curvature of the heavens, or by "the curl'd clouds" (*Temp.* i. 2. 192), the commentators are not agreed, but it is probably the latter. In the two other instances in which *S.* uses the word, it seems quite as strange to our modern ears. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 130: "Leave your crisp channels;" and *1 Hen. IV.* i. 3. 106: "Who [the Severn] . . . hid his crisp head." In the former passage, it is a question whether it means winding, or rippled, ruffled by the wind. In the latter, it is =curled, referring to the hair of the river-god. Kyd, in his *Cornelia*, 1595, has: "Turn not thy crispy tides, like silver curls." Cf. Milton, *P. L.* iv. 237: "the crisped brooks;" and *Comus*,

984: "the crisped shades and bowers," where it seems to refer to the curling leaves or tendrils of vines. Milton uses the word only twice.

183. *Hyperion*. For *Hyperion* as the sun-god, cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 292, *T. and C.* ii. 3. 207, etc.

186. *Conceptions*. Used by S. only here.

190. *Marbled mansion*. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 460: "Now by yond marble heaven," etc. See also *Cymb.* v. 4. 87 (cf. 120): "Peep through thy marble mansion" (probably not Shakespeare's).

192. *Marrowy vines*. The folio reads: "Dry vp thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas." Rowe reads "marrows, veins;" Hanmer, "meadows, vineyards, plough-torn leas;" Warb. "harow'd veins;" the Coll. MS. "meadows, vines," etc. *Marrowy vines* is due to D., and is adopted by W. and H.

195. *That*. So that; as in ii. 2. 172 above.

201. *Infected*. "Diseased, morbid; changed by Rowe to "affected."

203. *Fortune*. The folios have "future;" corrected by Rowe.

206. *Diseas'd perfumes*. "That is, their diseased perfumed mistresses. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 1. 150" (Malone).

208. *The cunning of a carper*. "The insidious art of a critic" (Steevens). *Carper* (used by S. only here) is opposed to *flatterer*. Warb. makes it = do not play the Cynic; which is perhaps favoured by 217 below.

210. *Hinge thy knee*. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 66: "And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee."

212. *Strain*. Quality, trait. Cf. *M. W.* p. 142.

214. *Like tapsters*. Cf. *V. and A.* 849: "Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call." For *bade*, the 1st folio has "bad," which St. takes to be the object of *welcome* (welcome the bad). The 2d folio has "bid," which is adopted by many editors.

222. *Put thy shirt on warm*. That is, see that it is thoroughly dried and "aired" after washing; a sense in which *warm* is found in contemporaneous writers.

For *moss'd* the folios have "moyst" or "moist;" corrected by Hanmer. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 105: "Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age."

223. *Outliv'd the eagle*. The eagle was believed to be very long-lived. "Aquilæ senectus" was a proverb (Steevens).

224. *Where thou point'st out*. The folios have "when thou;" corrected by W. (the conjecture of Walker).

225. *Candied*. Congealed. Cf. *discandy* (=thaw) in *A. and C.* iii. 13. 165 and iv. 12. 22.

Candle = furnish a *caudle*, or cordial, to; the only instance of the verb in S. For the noun, see *L. L. L.* p. 150.

228. *Wreakful*. Revengeful; found again in *T. A.* v. 2. 32.

230. *Mere nature*. The mere demands, or necessities, of nature.

237. *A knave too?* Hanmer reads "a knave thou!" and Warb. conjectures "and know 't too?" Johnson explains the passage thus: "When Apemantus tells him that he comes to vex him, Timon determines that to vex is either the office of a villain or a fool; that to vex by

design is villany, to vex without design is folly. He then properly asks Apemantus whether he takes delight in *vexing*, and when he answers *yes*, Timon replies, 'What! a knave too?' I before only knew thee to be a *fool*, but now I find thee likewise a *knave*."

242. *Incertain*. Used by S. interchangeably with *uncertain*. Cf. Gr. 442.

Is crown'd before. "Arrives sooner at *high wish*; that is, at the *completion of its wishes*" (Johnson). Clarke paraphrases the speech thus: "Willing misery outlives uncertain grandeur, its desires are sooner and more surely fulfilled; the one is ever craving, never satisfied; the other is always at the height of its wishes: the best of states, without content, has a distracted and most wretched existence, worse than the very worst of states, with content. Thou shouldst desire to die, being unwillingly miserable."

The 1st folio has "Out-lives: incertaine;" the 2d, "Out-lives: in certaine." Hanmer reads "Out-strips incertain," and Capell "Out-vies uncertain."

248. *Breath*. Voice, sentence (Malone).

251. *From our first swath*. From our swaddling-clothes, from our infancy.

Johnson remarks: "There is in this speech a sullen haughtiness and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach is natural and graceful. There is in a letter, written by the Earl of Essex, just before his execution, to another nobleman, a passage somewhat resembling this, with which, I believe, every reader will be pleased, though it is so serious and solemn that it can scarcely be inserted without irreverence: 'God grant your lordship may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned conversion, but that you may never feel the torments I have suffered for my long delaying it. I had none but divines to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breasts, they would not have been so humble; or if my delights had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise. But your lordship hath one to call upon you that knoweth what it is you now enjoy, and what the greatest fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford. Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have staked and buoyed all the ways of pleasure unto you, and left them as sea-marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For shut your eyes never so long, they must be open at the last, and then you must say with me, *there is no peace to the ungodly*.'"

252. *The sweet*. Rowe reads: "Through sweet." *The sweet degrees* is not the direct object of *proceeded*, but a preposition is understood, as often with verbs of motion. Cf. Gr. 198.

253. *Drugs*. According to Johnson and others an old form of *drudges*, used here for the sake of the measure. Todd cites from Huloet: "Drudge, or drugge, a seruant which doth all the vile seruice;" and from Baret: "Drudge, a drug, or kitchen-slaue." V. prints "drugges" (the folio spelling) to distinguish it from *drugs* in the ordinary sense.

Some substitute "drudges." The Coll. MS. has "dugs." Capell conjectures "dregs." Schmidt thinks it may be a metaphoric use of *drugs* = "all things in passive subserviency to salutary as well as pernicious purposes."

254. *Command.* The folios have "command'st;" corrected by Rowe.

257. *The icy precepts of respect.* "The cold admonitions of cautious prudence, that deliberately weighs the consequences of every action" (Malone).

259. *Confectionary.* Storehouse of *confections*, or sweets; used by S. only here.

261. *Frame employment.* *For* is understood. Cf. Gr. 390, 394.

262. *That numberless upon me stuck,* etc. Commentators have noticed the "confusion of construction," which some would avoid in part by making *stuck* the participle. For some similar instances, see Gr. 415.

264. *And left me open, bare,* etc. Malone compares *Sonn.* 73. 1-4. *For fell* = fallen, cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 54.

270. *Rag.* Coll. adopts Johnson's conjecture of "rogue."

274. *If thou hadst not,* etc. Crosby (in a private letter) says: "Being born *the worst of men* would seem to be the best material to make a *knave* and *flatterer*. But Timon's meaning is deeper. By *worst of men* he means the most abject, degraded *by birth*; he means to tell the cynic that he was only rescued from those vices of which he (Apemantus) accused Timon by the meanness of his extraction and attainments,—that he was too *low-bred* to be even a good knave and flatterer. The poet's distinctive characterization of the *misanthrope* and the *cynic* in this whole dialogue is a fine study. Timon is essentially a *gentleman* throughout; Apemantus a low-bred carper, a 'crank,' with a streak of the envy and vanity that cranks possess."

275. *Thou hadst been a knave,* etc. Johnson remarks: "Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires. Shakespeare has here given a specimen of the same power by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns. Dr. Warburton explains *worst* by *lowest*, which somewhat weakens the sense, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous [cf. the preceding note]. I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtilty of discrimination with which Shakespeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble."

280. *That.* O that, would that, etc.

282. *My company.* The folios have "thy" for *my*; corrected by Rowe.

285. *If not, I would it were.* That is, even if it were *not* well mended so, I wish it were mended imperfectly *by thy absence*; or, perhaps, if not yet thus *botched* (since you have not yet gone), I wish the job *were* finished by your departure.

291. *Where liest,* etc. From this point to 342 is apparently not Shakespeare's, though possibly it may be his in part.

299. *Curiosity.* "Finical delicacy" (Warb.), fastidiousness. Hanmer reads "courtesy."

300. *Medlar*. The fruit of the *Mespilus germanica*. For the play upon the word, cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 125.

303. *Though*. Explained by some as = *since*, or *because*; but we doubt whether the word ever really has that sense. Johnson conjectures "I thought it looked" (the folios have "I" for *ay*, as elsewhere); and Rann has "Ay, for it looks."

306. *After his means*. That is, after his money has gone.

316. *Confusion*. Destruction; as often. See *M. N. D.* p. 129. Cf. *confound* in 326 below.

323. *Livedst*. Changed to "thou'dst live" by Hanmer; but cf. *Gr.* 370, 371. See also on 94 above.

325. *The unicorn*. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 204: "unicorns may be betray'd with tees;" and see our ed. p. 147.

329. *German*. Akin. Steevens remarks: "This seems to be an allusion to Turkish policy: 'Bears, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.'"

330. *Remotion*. "Removal from place to place" (Steevens). Cf. *Lear*, ii. 4. 115: "this remotion of the duke and her."

338. *Yonder comes a poet and painter*. The poet and painter do not appear on the stage until the beginning of the next scene. The mention of them here is probably somehow due to the blundering workmanship of the expander of the play. Pope omits the sentence, and puts the remainder of Apemantus's speech after 378 below. H. boldly reads, "Yonder comes a parcel of soldiers;" that is, the banditti who enter not long after.

343. *Cap*. "Top, principal" (Johnson). Malone sees also an allusion to the *fool's cap*.

349. *I'll beat thee*. The folios have "He." Hanmer reads "I'd;" but see *Cor.* p. 212, note on *Thou't*. Some point thus: "I'll beat thee—but," etc.

361. *In me*. Johnson changes *me* to "thee;" but such changes of person are found elsewhere in *S*. Here, as Clarke notes, the change "serves to mark the deep melancholy with which Timon begins by apostrophizing himself, using *thy* and *thine*, and then the sharp stab with which he drives home to his own bosom the thought of death, actual death, from sickness of the false world, by suddenly changing to the more personal *me*."

362. *Dear*. Used probably as an intensive (cf. v. 1. 221 below: "dear peril"), but possibly = cherished. For *king-killer*, Maginn conjectures "kin-killer."

368. *Close*. Clarke makes this an adjective (defining *close impossibilities* as "those things that seem impossible to be brought close together"), but it is probably an adverb modifying *solder'st*.

370. *Touch*. Touchstone. See on iii. 3. 6 above. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 224.

372. *Confounding*. Ruinous, destructive. Cf. 316 above.

377. *I am quit*. I am rid of you (Steevens). Capell inserts "So" before *I*, and H. "Now."

378. *More things*, etc. The folios give this to Apemantus (as Fleay does), but Hanmer is unquestionably right in transferring it to Timon. For *more*, see on i. 1. 43 above. The folios have "then" for *them*; corrected by Rowe.

380. *Mere*. Absolute, utter. See on *merely*, iv. 1. 32 above.

381. *Falling-from*. Falling-off, defection. There is no hyphen in the folios. Pope reads "falling off," and the Coll. MS. "falling from him."

384. *Shall's*. Shall us; a colloquialism for *shall we*. See *W. T.* p. 156, or *Gr.* 215.

393. *Both too*. Changed by Hanmer to "Both, both;" and by Coll. to "Both two." The *too* seems to be used merely for emphasis. Clarke and Crosby say that the word is sometimes = too truly, in truth, indeed; and they cite some apparently clear examples of this sense, to which this may well be added.

395. *Want much of men*. The folios have "meat" for *men*. Farmer conjectures "much. Of meat Why," etc. Theo. reads "of meet" (that is, "of what you *ought* to be"); and Steevens suggests "of me." The reading in the text is Hanmer's, and is adopted by Sr., V., and H. Sr. says: "I have adopted Hanmer's reading, which is surely the true one, being exactly in the spirit of Timon's sarcastic bitterness, and supported by what he subsequently says. After he tells them where food may be had which will sustain nature, the thieves say, 'We cannot live on grass, on berries, and on water.' Timon replies, 'Nor on the beasts, the birds, and fishes; you must eat *men*.' There is a double meaning implied in 'you want much of men,' which is obvious, and much in Shakespeare's manner." V. adds: "With Mr. Singer, I have adopted this emendation, against the authority of the other editions. 'You want much of meat' is very tame in sense, and strange in expression. The other reading is quite in the manner of Timon's bitter pleasantry, the *visus sardonius*, playing upon words—'want much of men' being antithetically opposed to 'men that much do want.'"

396. *The earth hath roots*, etc. Johnson quotes Petronius:

"Vile olus, et duris haerentia mora rubetis,
Pugnantis stomachi composuere famem:
Flumine vicino stultus sitit."

V. remarks: "As close a resemblance as this may be traced in some admirable lines in the beginning of the first satire (book iii.) of Hall's *Satires*, which, as they were published in 1598, Shakespeare could not but have read, as the popular work of a distinguished contemporary, who, at the probable date of the composition of *Timon*, was making his way to high honours in the Church. In contrasting modern luxury with ancient simplicity, Hall says:

'Time was that, whiles the autum-fall did last,
Our hungry sires gap'd for the falling mast—
Could no unhusked akorne leave the tree,
But there was challenge made whose it might be;
And if some nice and liquorous appetite
Desir'd more dainty dish of rare delight,
They scal'd the stonied crab with clasped knee,
* * * * *
Or search'd the hopeful thicks of hedgy rows
For brierie berries, haws, or sourer sloes.
* * * * *
Their only cellar was the neighbour brook,
Nor did for better care—for better look.'

"The American reader will observe in these spirited lines the Old-English use and origin of our Americanism of *fall* for *autumn*. The thoughts here are too obvious to every poetical mind to have been the subject of direct and intentional imitation; yet the use of the same language and order of images indicates the probability that the language of the earlier poet had suggested that of the dramatist, while that of Hall again is more immediately amplified from Juvenal."

404. *Thanks I must you con.* For *con thanks* (=give or acknowledge thanks) cf. *A. W.* iv. 3. 174: "I con him no thanks for 't."

407. *Limited.* Apparently = under social restraint, as distinguished from the reckless and irregular courses of the thieves. It is commonly explained as = "appointed, or allowed" (Malone and H.), or "legal" (Warb.).

409. *Broth.* Pope prefers to make "broth" of it.

413. *Villany.* The folios have "villaine" or "villain;" corrected by Rowe. Theo. changed *protest* to "profess;" but cf. *A. W.* iv. 2. 28: "whom I protest to love," etc.

416. *Moon.* Changed by Theo. to "mounds," and by Capell to "earth;" but in *Ham.* i. 1. 118, the moon is called "the moist star," etc. Cf. also *R. and J.* i. 4. 62, *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 162, iii. 1. 203, *W. T.* i. 2. 1, and *Rich.* III. ii. 2. 69. Malone remarks: "S. knew that the moon was the cause of the tides, and in that respect the *liquid surge*, that is, the waves of the sea, may be said to *resolve the moon into salt tears*; the moon, as the poet chooses to state the matter, losing some part of her humidity, and the accretion to the sea in consequence of her tears being the cause of the *liquid surge*. Add to this the popular notion, yet prevailing, of the moon's influence on the weather, which, together with what has been already stated, probably induced our author here and in other places to allude to the *watery quality* of that planet."

420. *Composture.* Compost. Changed by Pope to "composure." For *stolen* the Var. of 1821 has "stole;" not noted in the Camb. ed.

422. *The laws, your curb and whip,* etc. This seems to be a cynical reference to the arbitrary exercise of legal authority in taxation and similar exactions; the laws, though they restrain and punish petty thieves like you, nevertheless, by the might that makes right, plunder without restraint. We have met with no comment on the passage, and can suggest no other explanation of it; but we have little doubt that this is the meaning.

430. *Has.* Steevens reads "He has." Cf. iii. 3. 23 above.

433. *Mystery.* See on iv. 1. 18 above.

436. *True.* Honest; often opposed to *thievish*. See *Cymb.* p. 182.

441. *Alteration of honour.* That is, change to dishonour or disgrace.

445. *How rarely,* etc. That is, how admirably does the injunction to love one's enemies accord with the fashion of the times!

447. *Grant I may ever love,* etc. "Let me rather *woo* or caress those who *would* mischief, that *profess to mean me mischief*, than those that *really do me mischief* under false professions of kindness. The Spaniards, I think, have a proverb, 'Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myself.' This proverb is a sufficient comment on this passage" (Johnson).

449. *Has*. Cf. 430 above.
 464. *Give*. Give way to tears.
 465. *Thorough*. Used interchangeably with *through*. Cf. v. i. 188 below. Gr. 478.
 469. *Entertain*. Employ. See *Much Ado*, p. 127.
 471. *Comfortable*. Used actively; as in *Lear*, i. 4. 328: "Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable," etc. Cf. Gr. 3.
 472. *My dangerous nature wild*. Hanmer changes *wild* to "mild" (the conjecture of Thirlby). V. says of the original text: "It is like Lear's 'This way madness lies.' *Dangerous* is used for *unsafe*, subject to danger; as we still say 'a dangerous voyage.' Timon, in an excited and half-frantic state of mind, indignant at all mankind, is startled by unexpected kindness, which he says almost makes him mad. It strikes me as a touch of the same discriminating and experienced observation of the 'variable weather of the mind,'—the reason goaded by misery, and verging to insanity,—that furnished material for all the great Poet's portraits of the disturbed or shattered intellect. Warburton proposed, and several of the best critics have approved of, the emendation of *mild* for *wild*, because such unexpected fidelity was likely to soothe and mollify the misanthrope's temper. It is not in unison with the spirit of the passage."
 494. *Suspect*. For the noun, cf. *C. of E.* p. 126, or *Rich. III.* p. 188.
 506. *From men*. "Away from human habitations" (Johnson). Gr. 158.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The opening of this scene (1-47) is probably not Shakespeare's, though it has touches here and there that remind us of him.

4. *Phrynia and Timandra*. The 1st folio has "*Phrinica and Timandyllo*."

5. *Poor straggling soldiers*. Apparently the thieves, who called themselves *soldiers* in iv. 3. 392 above.

8. *A palm*, etc. Steevens compares *Ps.* xcii. 11.

20. *The deed of saying*. Doing what one says he will do. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 26: "May give his saying deed."

27. *Personating*. "Representing; for the subject of this projected satire was Timon's case, not his *person*" (Warb.).

28. *Discovery*. Uncovering, exposure.

37. *Black-corner'd*. "Hiding things in dark corners" (Schmidt); perhaps simply "obscure as a dark corner" (Steevens), or making corners specially dark. Crosby (in a private letter) says: "As S. uses the term *corners* so often in connection with the whole world ('Come the three corners of the world in arms'; 'All corners else o' the earth,' etc.) I believe it simply means—night that covers the *whole world with darkness*;" but we doubt whether there is here any connection with that use of *corners*. Hanmer reads "black-corneted," Coll. "black-covered," and H. "black-curtain'd" (the conjecture of Sr.). "Black-coroned," "black-

crowned," "black-coned" (because the earth's shadow is a cone!), "black-garner'd," "black-'coutred," etc., have also been proposed.

56. *Influence*. An astrological term and in keeping with *star-like*. See *W. T.* p. 162, or *Lear*, p. 182.

73. *Counterfeit*. With an indirect allusion to its sense of *portrait*, for which cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 115: "Fair Portia's counterfeit," etc.

78. *Natural*. Here also there is a double sense; either implying the putting of his own false nature into his art (Clarke), or that he is a "natural" or *fool*.

88. *Cog*. Cheat, deceive. See *Much Ado*, p. 164.

89. *Patchery*. "Botchery intended to hide faults; gross and bungling hypocrisy" (Schmidt). It is commonly explained as "roguery, cozenage;" but we are inclined to think that Schmidt is right. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 3. 77: "Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery!" S. uses the word only twice.

91. *Made-up*. "Complete, finished" (Mason). Johnson took it to be = hypocritical.

95. *Draught*. Privy. Cf. *2 Kings*, x. 27.

99. *But two in company*. That is, but still two together; for, though *single and alone, yet an arch-villain keeps him company*. It is strange that Hamner (followed by H.) should think it necessary to change *but* to "not." Nothing can be clearer than that lines 100, 101 are an explanatory repetition of 99.

106. *You have done work*. The folios have "You have worke" (or "work"); and Hamner reads "You have work'd." The correction in the text is Malone's.

113. *Part*. D. adopts Walker's conjecture of "pact."

126. *Canterizing*. The 1st folio has "Cantherizing," and the later folios have "catherizing;" corrected by Pope. Capell reads "cancerizing." It is possible that the original text is what S. wrote. The Camb. editors say: "The word *canterisyng* for *cauterizing* is found very frequently in an old surgical work, printed in 1541, of which the title is *The questyonary of Cyrurgyens*. . . . The instrument with which the operation is performed is in the same book called a *cantere*. The form of the word may have been suggested by the false analogy of *canterides*, that is, cantharides, which occurs in the same chapter."

141. *Fail*. The folios have "fall;" corrected by Capell. For the noun, cf. *W. T.* ii. 3. 170, v. 1. 107, *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 145, ii. 4. 198, etc. Hamner reads "fault." On *it own* (generally changed to "its own"), see *W. T.* p. 172.

142. *Render*. Confession (Steevens). Pope reads "tender," and Hamner "sorrow's tender." Cf. *Cymb.* p. 211.

155. *Allow'd*. Trusted, invested.

158. *Like a boar*, etc. Steevens compares *Ps.* lxxx. 13.

173. *Whittle*. Clasp-knife, pocket-knife.

174. *Before*. Crosby suggests that there is a play on this word—the knife *before* the throat.

176. *Prosperous*. Malone is certainly right in taking this to be used in an active sense (= "authors of prosperity"), with a touch of irony: "may

the gods so keep and guard you as jailers do thieves; that is, for final punishment." Cf. *prosperous*=propitious, favourable, in *W. T. v. i. 161*: "A prosperous south wind," etc.

179. *My long sickness*, etc. "The disease of life begins to promise me a period" (Johnson).

185. *Wrack*. The only spelling in the early eds. Cf. the rhymes in *V. and A. 558*, *R. of L. 841*, 965, *Sonn. 126. 5*, and *Mach. v. 5. 51*.

186. *Brut*. Rumour, report; as in *T. and C. v. 9. 4*, etc.

188. *Thorough*. Through. See on iv. 3. 465 above.

189. *Triumphers*. Accented on the second syllable, like *triumphing* in *L. L. iv. 3. 35*, *triumph'd* in *1 Hen. IV. v. 3. 15*, *triumph* in *Id. v. 4. 14*, etc.

191. *And tell them*, etc. "Compare this part of Timon's speech with part of the celebrated soliloquy [iii. 1. 70 fol.] in *Hamlet*" (Steevens).

192. *Aches*. A dissyllable. See on i. 1. 247 above.

198. *I have a tree*, etc. S. took this from North's *Plutarch*. See p. 131 above.

201. *In the sequence of degree*. "Methodically, from highest to lowest" (Johnson).

203. *Take his haste*. The verb is used as in many familiar phrases. St. would substitute "make." Pope changes *haste* to "taste" (which seems even stranger to our ears), and the Coll. MS. to "halter." W. compares "take his gait" in *M. N. D. v. 1. 423*.

210. *Who*. The later folios have "Which," and Malone reads "Whom." Cf. Gr. 274 (see also 264).

Embossed=swollen, tumid; as in *A. Y. L. ii. 7. 67*: "embossed sores;" *Lear*, ii. 4. 227: "embossed carbuncle," etc.

Cf. the story in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*, p. 130 above.

213. *Sour*. The folios have "four" or "four," corrected by Rowe. H. adopts Walker's conjecture of "your." Fleay fancies that "four" refers to "the rhyming tag of four lines."

221. *Dear*. Great, desperate. See on iv. 3. 362 above. Rowe reads "dead," and Hanmer "dread."

SCENE II.—7. *Whom*. Changed by Pope to "Who," and by Sr. and H. to "When." It is probably one of the many instances of "confusion of construction" in S. Cf. Gr. 414, 415. *In general part*—"in the public cause" (Malone). Sr. reads "on several part."

8. *Had*. The folios have "made," which the compositor probably caught from the next line. *Had* is due to Hanmer. St. conjectures "took . . . truce" for *had* . . . *force*; and Crosby suggests "bade" for the *made*, retaining "made" in place of *had*.

SCENE III.—This scene is evidently thrust in by the expander of the play, who, with his usual clumsiness, has managed to make it a perplexity and vexation to the critics. The 3d and 4th lines are the puzzle, and have been variously interpreted.

Some believe them to be an inscription placed by Timon somewhere near the tomb. They certainly read like a piece of his bitter misanthropy:

let some beast read this, for no one worthy the name of *man* is left to do it! Some of the editors, with amusing literalness, have objected that the beasts could *not* read it. Do these matter-of-fact folk need to be told that the men who might read it are regarded by the misanthrope as beasts? The chief objections to this explanation are that an inscription calling attention to the epitaph close by seems superfluous, and that we must suppose it to be written in a different language from the epitaph. We are told that it is in "the language of the country," or "the ordinary vernacular," while the epitaph proper is in some other language unknown to the Soldier. Clarke remarks: "That there should be two distinct inscriptions in two distinct characters is in strict accordance with an ancient observance in sepulchral inscriptions; and this observance is twice referred to in Miss Martineau's *Eastern Life, Present and Past* (1850), pp. 107, 252." But in this case we have not two inscriptions on the same tomb, for the Soldier says he cannot read *what's on this tomb*; and, as we have said, we can imagine no reason for a separate inscription so near the tomb.

According to another explanation, accepted by the great majority of the editors, the lines are a part of the Soldier's speech. Warburton's conjecture of "rear'd" for *read* is adopted, and the passage is paraphrased (as by Ritson) thus: "'What can this heap of earth be?' (says the Soldier); 'Timon is certainly dead: some beast must have erected this, for here does not live a man to do it. Yes, he is dead, sure enough, and *this must be his grave. What is this writing upon it?*'" It does not seem to have occurred to those who adopt this interpretation that Timon's cave was in no remote and inaccessible place, but in the woods not far from Athens. Even if the Soldier was surprised at finding a tomb in such a place, he would naturally take it for granted that some old friend of Timon had reared it. The exclamation seems too strong for the momentary feeling of astonishment.

It seems to us that *read* may be retained without assuming that the couplet is an inscription. The Soldier comes to the cave, expecting to find Timon, but gets no answer when he calls. Looking about, he sees the grave and the tombstone with its inscription. "What is this?" he asks; "Timon must be dead, having lived out his span." Being unable to read, and finding no one to read the epitaph for him, he gives vent to his vexation by exclaiming, "Some beast read this! for there is no man here to do it." Here we may imagine him to pause and try to discover some further clue to the mystery. There seems to be none, and he goes on: "Yes, he is certainly dead, and this is his grave. I cannot read what's on the tomb, but I'll take the impression of it in wax, and get our captain to explain it."

This seems, on the whole, the least unsatisfactory interpretation of the passage. The explanation of *Some beast read this* is Johnson's. Malone thought it absurd "to call on a beast to read the inscription without assigning any reason for so extraordinary a requisition." A reason is assigned for it, and a good one enough for an impatient exclamation of that sort. That the Soldier should call upon the beast is by no means so wonderful as that the critic should in cold blood call him to account for it.

8. *Aged*. The word is apparently monosyllabic, and some print it "ag'd." Cf. Gr. 497.

SCENE IV.—Here we get back to Shakespeare again.

7. *With our travers'd arms*. This is commonly explained as =with folded arms; or, as Ariel says (*Temp.* i. 2. 224), "in this sad knot." We are inclined, however, to think (as Crosby suggests) that it means, with our military arms reversed, or idle.

8. *Flush*. In its prime, ripe. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 3. 81: "With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May."

9. *Marrow*. Used, as elsewhere, for strength, or vigour. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 3. 298: "manly marrow," etc.

13. *Horrid*. Horrified, affrighted.

14. *Griefs*. Grievances; as in 24 below. Cf. i. *Hen. IV.* p. 192.

17. *Ingratitudes*. The folios have "ingratitude;" corrected by Capell. The emendation is clearly favoured by *their* in the next line; though Warb. makes the pronoun refer to *rages*, and Malone to *griefs*. *Ingratitudes* occurs again in *T. and C.* iii. 3. 147.

20. *Means*. Theo. and H. read "'mends;" but *means* carries with it the idea of substantial recompense for the wrong done to Timon.

24. *Griefs*. The 1st and 2d folios have "greefe," the others "grief;" corrected by Theo. *They* refers to *griefs*.

26. *In them*. "That is, in the persons from whom you have received your griefs" (Malone).

27. *The motives that you first went out*. That is, the authors of your banishment. For the personal use of *motives*, cf. *Oth.* iv. 2. 43 and *A. and C.* ii. 2. 96.

28. *Shame, that they wanted*, etc. Extreme shame for their folly in banishing you hath broke their hearts (Theo.). Johnson would read "coming" for *cunning*: "shame which they had so long wanted, at last coming in its utmost excess." For *cunning*, cf. *Oth.* p. 183.

As Clarke remarks, we have here an example of the poet's devices for producing the effect of long time: "by the mention that those who refused Alcibiades his demand in iii. 5 are now dead, the effect is produced of a sufficiently long period having elapsed to allow of the incidents taking place concerning Timon's sojourn in the woods, his life of gnawing wrath and fever of indignation, his decay, and death."

36. *Square*. Just. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 2. 190: "if report be square to her." The Coll. MS. reads: "is 't not severe to take," etc.

37. *Revenues*. The folios have "revenge;" corrected by Steevens. Pope reads "like to lands." The meaning of course is, Crimes are not inherent as lands are.

44. *All together*. The reading of 3d folio; the 1st has "altogether," and the 2d "al together."

46. *Hew to 't*. Shape it. Mr. P. A. Daniel suggests "hew 't out."

47. *Rampir'd*. Barred, barricaded; used by S. only here.

49. *Thou 'lt*. The reading of 4th folio; the earlier folios, as sometimes elsewhere, have "thou 't."

52. *Confusion*. Destruction; as in iv. i. 21, etc., above.

55. *Uncharged ports.* Unassaulted gates. For *ports*, cf. *Cor.* p. 211. For *descend*, the 1st folio misprints "defend;" corrected in the 2d.

58. *Atone.* Reconcile, bring into accord. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 156.

62. *Render'd.* The folios have "remedied," and all but the 1st "by" instead of *to*. *Render'd* was suggested by Chedworth, and is adopted by D., Clarke, W., H., and others. Sr. reads "remitted to." Attempts have been made to explain the old text, but with small success.

69. *Poor.* H. adopts Walker's conjecture (withdawn by him) of "poorer."

70. *Here lies*, etc. Here we have *both* of the epitaphs which North (cf. p. 132 above) gives. They are inconsistent with each other, and S. cannot have meant to use more than one of them. He seems to have written both in the MS. when hesitating between them, and afterwards to have neglected to strike one out. Clarke suggests that he may have intended to mould a new epitaph upon the two; and this he thinks is supported by the change of "wretches" in the original to *cautiffs*. The latter word seems to have been suggested by the epitaph given by Paynter (see p. 131 above).

76. *Our brain's flow.* Our tears, or our tearful appeal. Hanmer reads "brine's."

79. *On faults forgiven.* Theo. reads "On thy low grave.—On: faults forgiven;" the "On" being addressed to the senate, and = "set forward." Hanmer has "On thy low grave our faults—forgiven; since dead," etc. Tyrwhitt conjectures "One fault's forgiven;" that is, "the ingratitude of the Athenians to Timon." H. changes *on* to "o'er," which is very plausible.

83. *Stint.* Check, stop. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 93: "Half stints their strife," etc.

84. *Leech.* Physician; the only instance of the word in S. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 4. 43: "For Tryphon of sea gods the sovaine leach is hight."

ADDENDUM.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel, in his paper "On the Times or Durations of the Actions of Shakspere's Plays" (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877-79, p. 196), as follows:

"The time of the play may be taken as six days represented on the stage, with one considerable interval.

Day 1. Act I. sc. i. and ii.

" 2. Act II. sc. i. and ii., Act III. sc. i.—iii.

" 3. Act III. sc. iv.—vi., Act IV. sc. i. and ii.

Interim.

" 4. Act IV. sc. iii.

" 5. Act V. sc. i. and ii.

" 6. Act V. sc. iii. and iv."

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